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# Tourists' Guide



## Down the Harbor

Hull and Nantasket

Dowry Landing,  
Wintham, Cohasset, Marshfield,  
Scituate, Duxbury,  
"The Famous Jerusalem Road,"

## "HISTORIC PLYMOUTH"

ONSET, COTTAGE CITY,  
MARTHA'S VINEYARD, NANTUCKET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.,

AND THE SUMMER RESORTS OF CAPE COD AND THE  
SOUTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS.



The Old Colony Newsroom Edition.

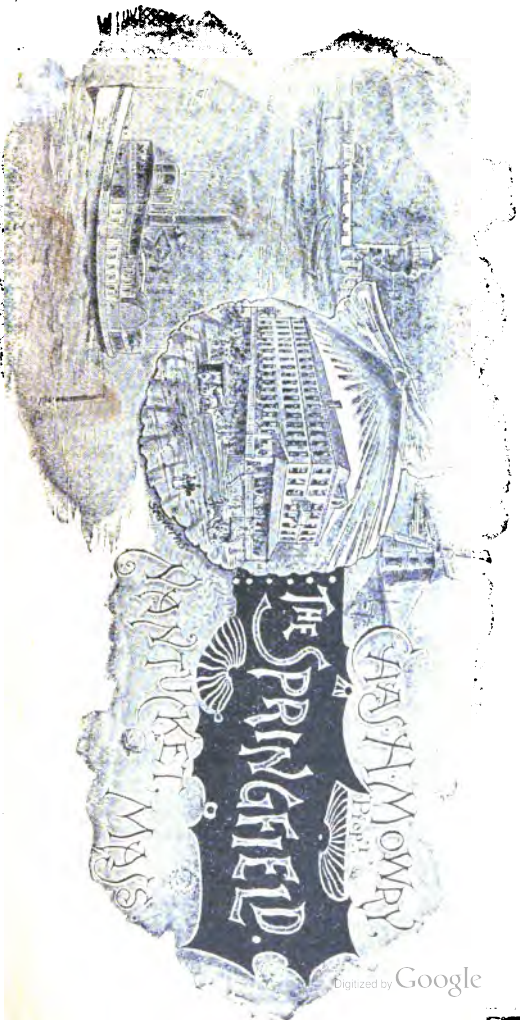
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Mr. J. Woods Jr.



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# Tourists' Guide

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 Down the Harbor,  
Hull and Nantasket,

Fingham, Cohasset, Marshfield,  
Scituate, Duxbury,  
"The Famous Jerusalem Road,"

"HISTORIC PLYMOUTH,"

Cottage City, Onset,  
Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket,  
Newport, R. I.,

AND

The Summer Resorts of Cape Cod

AND THE

South Shore of Massachusetts.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

## PREFACE.

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**I**T is believed that this GUIDE will furnish to the Tourist, in a convenient form, and at a low price, information concerning the region of which it treats, which he can obtain in no other single publication extant.

One merit only is claimed for the GUIDE: namely, its honesty of purpose. It has been written with the sole desire to give to the reader facts which shall prove of real value to him.

Notwithstanding the care which has been used in arranging the GUIDE for publication, occasional errors of minor consequence may very likely be found. Anyone who may discover any such, will confer a favor by addressing the author care of the publishers of the GUIDE.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1897.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

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ALL of the localities mentioned in the GUIDE are reached either by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. and its connections, or by the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Line. In view of frequent summer changes in time, particularly in case of the steamboat company, it has been thought inadvisable to print any time-tables in the GUIDE. The reader is therefore referred to the Boston daily papers for particulars concerning the running of the steamboat line, and to the printed time-tables of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co., which are obtainable in Boston at No. 3 Old State House, or at the station at the corner of South and Kneeland Streets.

## BOSTON HARBOR AND NANTASKET.

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**O**F the many attractions of Boston, those peculiar to the harbor are pre-eminent in the summer season. The greatest of these is undoubtedly NANTASKET BEACH, to which, it is supposed, the reader of these pages is tending. If for the first time, what a revelation of beauty, and if for a repeated visit, with what joyous anticipations of pleasure.

Boston's harbor is noted for its beauty; and as the tired, sickly sewing girl, and the weary, hard-worked clerk sit upon the deck of the steamer and feel the cool, fresh breeze, while they watch the moving panorama about them, their love for the beautiful is being satisfied, at the same time that the invigorating sea air is brightening their cheeks and giving a new impetus to the sluggish blood which sends it bounding through the veins.

Before entering upon any description of Nantasket Beach, it is proper to say a word respecting the means of reaching it.

Although the N.Y., N.H. & H. Rd. furnishes quick transportation between Boston and Nantasket, the route following the curve of the shore, it goes without saying, that the greater part of the tourists who turn first their thoughts, and then their faces toward Nantasket will vote in favor of the steamers that ply between Boston and the beach. It is well that this should be so, for no small part of the pleasure of a trip to the shore lies in the "sail down the bay."

Rowe's wharf, from whence the steamers of the Nantasket Beach Steamboat Company depart, is numbered 340 Atlantic Avenue and is reached by horse cars from all railroad stations and other principal points. The wharf which, by the way is the finest in the city, is built on what was formerly known as Fort Point, and was called the Old Sconce or South Battery, it being the first fort erected in Boston after the settlement.

Starting from the wharf, the boat immediately enters the stream of the main ship channel, and the first point coming into view on the north-east is Noddle Island, taking its name from William Noddle, the "Honest Man from Salem." This island is now called EAST BOSTON. Looking to the southward, a long neck of land comes into view. This is SOUTH BOSTON, called by the Indians Mattapanneck. A large square building which is seen on the heights was erected in 1834 for a summer resort, under the name of the Mount Washington House, but for more than forty years it has been occupied by the Perkins School for the Blind. These heights are known in history as Dorchester Heights, and were a strong position of offense and defense, as was proved when taken possession of by Washington in March, 1776. In the nearer waters several gray, old hulks are moored, containing reserve stocks of powder and other explosives. Pursuing a south-easterly course, we find Bird Island Shoal on the left, which is distinguished by a beacon on the easterly end. The shoal, which is composed of loose stones

seen only at low tide water, is all that remains of Bird Island, which was used in the olden time as a place of execution for pirates. The next island, to the north-east is Governor's or



WINTHROP'S ISLAND. The fort erected on the base of the hill on this island is called Fort Winthrop, and is the strongest fortress in the harbor, although very little can be seen from the water front, as the batteries are mostly underground, and connected with the citadel by underground passages. The island derives its name from Governor Winthrop, to whom it was given in a very early period in the history of Boston, by the colonial

legislature. The island continued in the possession of the Winthrop family until 1808, when a portion was sold to the government for the purpose of erecting a fort thereon. This, when built, was called Fort Warren in honor of Gen. Joseph Warren. Since then, another fort has been erected on George's Island, and this name was transferred to it.

The next island which is passed, and lying to the south of the steamer's course is CASTLE ISLAND. It is situated almost opposite Fort Winthrop. On this island is Fort Independence, easily recognized by the granite fortress and earthworks, that almost cover the land. The original fortifications were erected nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the first being a mud fort which stood for several years. This was replaced by one of trees and earth, and a small brick castle that cost four thousand pounds.



When the British evacuated Boston, they destroyed Castle William, as it was then called; but after the Provincial forces took

possession, they repaired it and its name was changed to Fort Independence in 1797, President John Adams being present on the occasion. This island was for years noted as a duelling ground. On the glacis of the fort is now standing a memorial of one of these unfortunate affairs, on which is the following inscription :

NEAR THIS SPOT  
ON THE 25th DEC. 1817  
FELL  
LIEU. ROBERT F. MASSIE  
AGED 21 YEARS.

The fort was used as a prison previous to the state prison being built in 1805, and during our late civil war, a number of

deserters were court-martialed and executed there. Castle Island is destined to become a very beautiful part of Boston's extensive park system.

APPLE ISLAND, with the diversified shores and villages of Winthrop just beyond, will now be observed to the north-east about a mile distant, its smooth green slopes and graceful trees, forming a most pleasant object. THOMPSON ISLAND, about a mile to the right, is the next in view. This is one of the best cultivated, and most fruitful islands in the harbor, and was occupied by David Thompson, before the settlement of Boston. Here he established a trading post with the Massachusetts Indians, whose principal village was on Neponset River, a short distance from the island. The Farm School, established by private individuals, to give poor but deserving boys a good, common school education and a knowledge of farming, is situated on this island. Passing Thompson Island, we come to SPECTACLE ISLAND, being formed of two peninsulars, connected by a short bar, which is only visible at low water. The island contains



about sixty acres of land, and takes its name from its fancied resemblance to a pair of spectacles. In 1634, it was rented to the city of Boston for one shilling.

In 1717, there was erected there a "pest house for the reception and entertainment of sick persons coming from beyond the sea, and in order to prevent the spreading of infection." In 1736, the hospital was removed to Rainsford's Island.

The next island eastward is LONG ISLAND, so called from its being longer than any other island in the harbor, being a mile and three quarters in length, and one quarter of a mile in breadth.



In 1847, a land company, was formed, a wharf and hotel built, and a speedy settlement of the island was predicted. This anticipation was never realized however, and at the present time the greater part of the island is owned by the city of Boston, and their institutions for the care of the male paupers of the city are located here. Until within a few years there was a thriving village of Portuguese fishermen on Long Island. On the northerly end of the island, is a bluff, eighty feet high, upon which is an iron lighthouse, twenty-two feet high, and a comfortable stone dwelling for the keeper.

LONG ISLAND LIGHT is one of the most important in the harbor. It stands about one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and shows a fixed white light composed of nine burners, and can be seen fifteen miles at sea. Redoubts were thrown up by Washington on this bluff, and also, at Hull, to drive the British fleet from the lower harbor, after the evacuation of Boston. These batteries opened fire simultaneously, and after a brisk cannonading on both sides, the squadron set sail. In place of this old redoubt, there now stands a formidable fort of improved construction, with walls of great thickness, bomb-proofs and other defences. The low green mounds on the top of the cliff, all that can be seen of the fortifications, give little idea of its strength. The handsome sea wall, around the head of the island was built by the Government, at an expense of \$150,000. Long Island was much used during the war of the rebellion, and many regiments went into camp there.

DEER ISLAND, which can be seen directly north, takes its name from the fact, that large numbers of deer were found there. It is now used by the city for its reformatory institutions.

Pursuing the channel course we next approach NIX'S MATE. Black, drear, ominous and mysterious enough to give credence to any story, is the pyramid erected on Nix's Mate to warn pilots of the rock and shoal where once was an island of twelve acres. It is a massive piece of copper-riveted masonry, forty feet

square, and twelve feet high, (with stairs on one side) upon whose top stands a black wooden pyramid, twenty feet high.

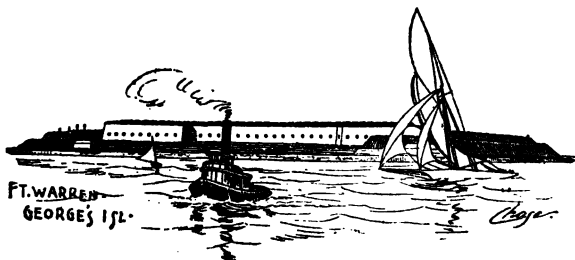


It is close to the ship channel, and in sight of every vessel entering or leaving the harbor. "What's that?" is the involuntary question which every stranger asks. "Nix's Mate," is the reply; but always something more is desired, so the common tradition is here repeated. This black spot was once an island of twelve acres of arable land, and was used for grazing

sheep, as green a spot as any island in the harbor. About 150 years ago, it was the place selected for the execution of pirates, and those convicted of crimes committed upon the ocean, because all sailors could see the bodies of such sea robbers, dangling in chains from the gibbets, and take warning from the grim sight. There are a couple of "yarns" that are regularly spun concerning the curious island—or more properly speaking—shoal, and while the writer does not vouch for their authenticity, he will here give them to the reader, as having contributed in no small degree to render Nix's Mate one of the most interesting sights in the harbor. One story is, that the mate of a certain captain, by the name of Nix, was executed upon the place for killing his master.



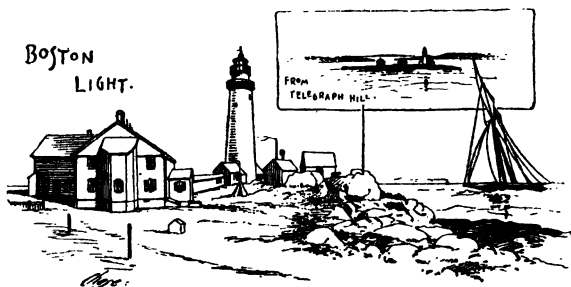
The other is, that Nix had been at one time connected with some piratical enterprise, and that his mate being captured, was here doomed to death. In either case, the story goes, that the mate protested his innocence, and in proof thereof he asserted, that in a certain number of years, the island would be entirely washed away. This is the popular story, but the historian will spoil it all by proving that the land was known as Nix's Island long before the date of the execution spoken of, and that it had probably even then, begun wasting, for the record made in 1636, read as follows:— "There is twelve acres of land granted to John Gallup, upon Nix's Island, to enjoy to him and his heirs forever, if the land be so much." A bell buoy, giving a deep, ominous sound, is placed near Nix's Mate, to warn vessels at night of this dangerous shoal.



GALLUP'S ISLAND on the left, was named after Capt. John Gallup, a noted Boston pilot, who, in addition to his house in the city, had quite a farm on Long Island, and a sheep pasture on Nix's Mate, and also cultivated the rich land of Gallup's Island. In olden time, the farmers here supplied the ships in Nantasket Roads with vegetables, milk, and pure spring water. Gallup's Island is now owned by the city of Boston, and is used as a quarantine hospital.

RAINSFORD ISLAND on the right, is also owned by the city of Boston, and the large building that you see upon it, is the institution used by the city, for the care of its female paupers.

LOVELL'S ISLAND on the right, the scene of many a shipwreck, is next in view. The bar at the extreme westerly end of the island is called Man-of-War Bar, on account of the loss of the French frigate *Magnifique* at this point, and where its skeleton is visible to this day. South of Lovell's Island lies GEORGE'S ISLAND, on which Fort Warren, built in 1850, the key to the harbor, and its strongest defense, stands. It was at this fort that the two Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, were



confined, until given up to the English government. During the war it was used as a prison for guerillas and others of the most desperate rebel prisoners, whom the government intended to keep during the war, and not exchange.

That white body and black top lighthouse away to the left, is the well known BOSTON LIGHT. The first lighthouse was built in 1715, it was much injured by fire in 1751, and was struck several times by lightning. During the Revolution it also fared hard. The present lighthouse was erected in 1783, but has been several times refitted since then with improved apparatus; and

in 1860, the old tower was raised in height, it now measuring 98 feet above the sea level. The white tower with its black lantern and revolving light, can be seen at a distance of sixteen nautical miles, if the weather be fair and the sky clear, and is an imposing object when viewed from vessels on entering or leaving the harbor. The group of islands near the light, are called the BREWSTERS, while just back of Fort Warren rises BUG LIGHT, a small, octagon house set upon stilts. But we are nearing our landing place, and on our right PEDDOCK'S ISLAND, nearly a mile in length, becomes the most conspicuous object in our view, and forms quite a picturesque and peaceful scene, but it was once the location of a terrible tragedy. Before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a French ship came here to trade with the Indians for beaver skins, and anchored off the island named in honor of Leonard Peddock, who had previously landed here. The Frenchmen gave offence to the natives, who set upon them, and being taken by surprise, their vessel was captured and burned, and all but five of the sailors were massacred. These were badly treated, and only one lived to tell the tale.



In 1634, Peddock's Island was granted to Charlestown for twenty-one years, at an annual rental of twenty shillings, but in 1635, the rent was reduced to twelve pence. The island affords fine pasturage, and there is a fine orchard upon it owned by the Cleverlys, who for more than fifty years have lived upon it acting as pilots to Quincy and Weymouth.

Three small islands, called respectively Sheep, Grape and Slate Island, lie south-east of Peddock's in the order named.

They are quite bare of inhabitants, but form pleasant objects in the panorama seen from the steamer's deck.

With Peddock's Island on the south-west we now pass through the narrow, rushing strait of Hull Gut, and land at Windmill Point, or Pemberton, where the excursionist can connect with the cars of the Nantasket Beach Railroad, for all points along the beach, up to Nantasket Junction, on the South Shore Division of the N.Y., N.H. & H. Rd. In front of us looms up HOTEL PEMBERTON; it is in that quaint form of architecture



for which good Queen Anne has been held responsible. This hotel has nearly three hundred rooms, and is a favorite resort with the traveling public. The ground upon which Hotel Pemberton stands was once covered with

extensive salt works, but the venture did not pay, and about fifty years ago a hotel, the Mansion House, was erected from the materials, but in 1871 it was destroyed by fire.

From nature unadorned, however, our attention is quickly taken to where it is adorned with fanciful architectural conceits in the way of summer residences, for right before us lies the

## ANCIENT TOWN OF HULL,

Where houses really dating back to Queen Anne's time can be seen, with modern temples erected to her memory, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. Hull has a history, and the handful of inhabitants of this ancient hamlet have lived much

in the public eye. Especially intelligent must they have been, and active in keeping abreast with popular sentiment, for politicians have waited for Hull's prophetic vote even when it numbered but seven, and the saying became traditional, "As goes Hull so goes the state." As early as 1622 the first settlers came to what is now Hull, in the persons of Thomas and John Gray and Walter Knights, buying the peninsular from the Indians and building their homes near Nantasket. The name Hull first appears in 1644 and history says it was derived from the Yorkshire seaport Kingston-upon-Hull, but others say it was named after Joseph Hull of Hingham. The closely clustered cottages on the hill at Hull show how valuable land is considered there and display much architectural beauty. Hull Basin is a favorite resort of yachtsmen, and the Hull Yacht Club is one of the largest in the United States. Its elegant club house was erected in



1890, and the numerous yachts, as graceful as swans, can be seen floating on the tranquil waters of this inner harbor.

THE OREGON HOUSE, in Hull village, was built in 1848; has received several additions during the last five years, and still retains its old "habitués," who have come hither almost every summer for a quarter of a century. Of the other hotels in Hull, the Pemberton, the St. Cloud, the Nantasket, and the East End are the chief.

The ancient village church stood by the pond, but was destroyed many years ago. Since the Revolution, religious

services have been held irregularly in this smallest of Yankee parishes and no minister settled here from 1772 to 1881. Where now stands the handsome cottage of John Boyle O'Reilly, formerly stood one of the first houses built in Hull, and in the yard is the grave of a British soldier, wounded in the attack on the lighthouse in 1775, and brought ashore by the victorious Americans.

The Nantasket House, alongside this mansion, was built in 1675 by Col. Robert Gould, and the quaint old post office near by was the birthplace of Col. Amos Binney, for many years naval agent at Boston.

In the last war, Hull contributed more than her quota, sending twenty-four men to the army and navy out of a population of two hundred and eighty-four. In 1759, when the militia was enrolled, she reported eight able-bodied men, "and no more;" although even then her people boasted that "Hull had thirty-three houses when Boston had but one."

Volumes have been written and many more might be written on the settlers of this little peninsular. Some of the founders of the best New England families made their homes here, as will be seen from the names of Prince, Pemberton, Veasie, Haswell, Gould, Binney and Loring occurring in the early records. Many and varied have been the purposes of the early settlers, as King's Handbook of Boston Harbor concisely states:—

"Within a quarter of a millennium this obscure Massachusetts peninsular has successively been a desolation, a feeble Episcopal plantation, a Puritan fishing port, a Continental fortress, a French camp, a wrecker's colony, a semi-Dalmatian maritime hamlet, a Yankee village and an opulent American summer resort."

But in our stroll we have passed through Hull village, and are again in sight of the smiling waters of the bay. In the distance we can see Hingham, while the roofs and towers of Nantasket's great hotels are also within our range of vision. A little



further along the street, we come to an old graveyard on the slope of the hill, the oldest monument there bearing the date of 1708. Here and there one can see memorial slabs to men who were lost at sea, and many marking the spot where lie those washed up during the wintry storms. A few moments' walk



brings us to the top of the highest of Hull's three hills, called Telegraph Hill, the summit of which is surmounted by the remains of the old French fort, whose walls, bastions and works are still well preserved. Here also is a well 90 feet deep, from which the occupants of the fort hoped to get water should they be invested on all sides. Many a cannon shot has been fired from this old fort at the British frigates that sailed up the harbor in old Revolutionary time, and many a British sailor has received his eternal discharge thereby. A quaint little house with a tower two stories high, stands inside this fort, and is now used to signal to Boston



the approach of vessels. Years ago, before the advent of the electric telegraph, a system of flag signals was in use, the merchants of Boston having a set of one hundred and twelve private signals, each one a different flag. When a ship arrived

the owner's color was run up at Hull, repeated on an island in the harbor, again shown on Central Wharf, and finally at the old State House. This cumbrous system has been superseded, but where, alas, is the once proud merchant marine. At the present time, marine news is sent over a wire every half hour to the Boston Merchant's Exchange. The operator reports the approach of all steamers, West Indian and square-rigged vessels, but ignores fishing craft and small coasters.

Telegraph Hill was fortified by Washington, and, as we have seen, its battery helped to drive away the British fleet. On the 17th of July, 1776, the news reached the town of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, and a salute of thirteen guns, one for each of the states, was fired from this very hill. Should the nation ever become involved in war, it would be absolutely necessary to fortify this point, since an enemy's battery planted here could destroy the "key of the harbor," Fort Warren, in very short order. The view from this hill is magnificent, especially toward sunset. It includes all



the North Shore resorts from Revere to nearly the end of Cape Ann, the South Shore, Cohasset and Hingham, the long graceful curve of Nantasket beach with its

numberless hotels and cottages, the islands in the harbor, the Blue Hills in the distance, and the masses of buildings which culminate in the gilded dome of the State House.

Near the foot of the hill, on one side toward the open sea, stood the cemetery of the French army which was quartered in and about the deserted village, during the Revolutionary war. Here, if the local traditions are not at fault, several hundreds of our gallant allies were buried, after the fatal prevalence of an

epidemic. Almost at our feet lies the "Stony Beach" Station, of the N.Y., N.H. & H. Rd. where we will soon take the cars for Nantasket, and near it is a station of the United States Life Saving Service, fitted with every appliance that modern ingenuity can suggest, to save the lives of those who may be so unfortu-



nate as to be shipwrecked upon these shores, one of the most dangerous spots in the whole New England coast. This station, commanded by CAPT. JOSHUA JAMES, one of the famous crew of "Life Savers of Hull," whose deeds while in the service of the Humane Society, have been recognized by almost numberless testimonials.

Capt. James is one of the heroes whom the United States government has recognized for his bravery in rescuing person

from shipwrecked vessels. He has been rewarded by the government and by the Massachusetts Humane Society with gold, silver and bronze medals, one which he values, perhaps, as highly as any of them, and which intrinsically is worth not far from \$150, is a special gold medal, given him by Act of Congress, by the United States government, bearing these inscriptions: "To Joshua James, for Signal Heroism at Wreck of the Schooner Gertrude Abbot, Nov. 25, 1888;" and on the other side, "In Testimony of Heroic Deeds in Saving Life from the Perils of the Sea." Another gold medal, bearing the inscription, "To Capt. Joshua James, for humane exertions in rescuing the lives of 29 persons from five wrecked vessels, Nov. 25 and 26, 1888," was presented to him by the Humane Society, for services in the same great storm. The same society also, remembered Capt. James, with a bronze medal in 1850, one of gold in 1857, and several of silver, the most prominent among them being the one awarded in 1886, "For brave and faithful service for more than forty years in the life boats of the Humane Society." But our train is at the station and while it is bearing us onward to Nantasket, we will briefly point out a few objects of interest on the way. A ride of a few minutes brings us to POINT ALLERTON Station and the large hill on our left bears the same name. Historians claim that this point of land was visited by the Norsemen in their galleys during the early part of the eleventh century, and that it is the identical "Krossaness" where the Viking Thorwald was slain and buried in the year 1004. He had coursed, so runs the story, from Iceland to Greenland and down the coast of Labrador, passing Newfoundland to Cape Cod and then turning toward the main land, discovered this wooded promontory, where he decided to fix his abode. Being fatally wounded by an arrow in the hands of the aborigines, he requested that he might be buried there, and two crosses be erected to mark the spot, which was accordingly done. In 1621, Captain Myles Standish, from Plymouth, landed

here and found lobsters of a superior quality gathered by the Indians, which he bought for a few beads. Point Allerton, which stretches out like a bent arm to protect the inner harbor, has been the scene of many a disastrous shipwreck. The *Charity of Dartmouth*, one of the first relief ships of the Boston Colony, was about the first to suffer on these shores. In 1636, the bark *Warwick*, carrying ten guns was wrecked here, and remains of her were to be seen as late as 1804. A history of the harbor speaks as follows:—

“During two and a half centuries the sea has thrown many a costly sacrifice on this altar, sweeping off their rich cargoes and their gallant crews into the deep outer gulf. There are grim old time traditions of false lights having been displayed on the Point, with intent to lure vessels to destruction. But the dangers of this rocky elbow, with its long bars projecting like traps, need no human malignity to give them fatal power.

A year after, the *Helen* went ashore on the Point in a heavy sea, but her crew was saved by the “Hull Life Savers.”

A list of the vessels that have gone ashore on this point would fill this book, and so only a few of those that have been wrecked of recent years, will be cited. In 1870 an Italian bark was cast up on the Point and all but one of the crew perished miserably. It was here that the *Massasoit*, just entering the harbor, returning from a weary voyage to Calcutta was lost with her cargo and part of the crew. In 1872 the bark *Kadosh* from Manila went ashore in a blinding snow-storm and her captain and seven sailors drowned. In the same storm the ship *Peruvian* was wrecked, and her cargo, valued at \$1,000,000, lost.



The next important elevation of Hull is STRAWBERRY HILL, plainly seen from the car window, and easily recognized by the old barn on the summit, which is a well known coast mark for pilots off the coast. On this site, a barn containing eighty tons

of hay was burned in 1775 "to grieve the British garrison of Boston," and the harbor was splendidly illuminated by these patriotic fires. From this hill, the official surveys and triangulations of the harbor have been made, and the standpipe of the Hingham Water Company is erected there, ninety-seven feet above high water, and giving a pressure of one hundred and forty seven feet, supplying Hull and Nantasket with an abundance of excellent water. The southerly part of this hill, called "Skull Head" must have been the scene of many sanguinary battles, for great quantities of human bones have been found, with arrow-heads, tomahawks and other weapons of war. At Strawberry Hill is erected the Sea Foam Hotel.

The next station on the line of the railroad, KENBERMA, and the centre of a group of handsome cottages, takes its peculiar name from the first syllable of three different names. It is said that the residents of this section, having vainly tried to choose a name acceptable to all, agreed that it should be known as Kenberma, after three children of one of the cottagers, the names of the children being Kenneth, Bertha and Mary.

Just before we reach the thickly settled part of the beach, another large hill is seen upon our right. This hill is known as SAGAMORE HILL, and from its summit one of the finest views imaginable is spread out before you. It was here that "Morton and his ungodly crew" the unregenerate offshoots who caused the Pilgrim Fathers so much trouble and anxiety, held high carnival; and their orgies at "Merry Mount," just across the bay in the townships of Quincy and Weymouth—for the Pilgrims considered their diversions as nothing better than orgies—often included both day and night, and illustrated about every form of human enjoyment. One cannot help thinking, however, that Morton and his crew selected from the fittest when they chose this beautiful spot as their haunting place. But the cars roll into the and we are at NANTASKET with a world of attractions fore us. Nantasket, with its beach and surroundings,

has often been called the Coney Island of Boston. Nantasket Beach has become celebrated as one of the finest ocean shores on the United States coast, presenting as it does, more of the elements which make up the grand, the attractive and the complete in border scenery than are often found combined. A writer well says:—

“The surf, pouring inward from the expanse of a great ocean and washing a beach of clearest sands, which glitter in the summer sun-rays and send back in myriad flashing streams the water which never ceases thus to advance and retreat; the enclosing hills, ragged and craggy, with projecting rock-masses upon one side and evenly rounded and verdure-clad upon the other; the endless panorama of life upon the water, constantly in motion and ever-changing in the view; the great ships, cloud-enveloped steamers, and the accompaniment of the lesser variety of the products of naval skill and architecture; the rolling porpoise and the snorting, spouting puffer or finback enlivening the outlook; the light-houses and beacons alternating upon headland, or shoal, or island ledge; all these and many other attractions are found at Nantasket, to say nothing of cool, invigorating breezes, and the proximity to centres which renders its location within such easy reach that its denizens may, within the hour, find themselves in a new atmosphere—a new world in fact.”

In summer time this beach is alive along its entire length, not only with the tourists and visitors who make short pilgrimages to its sands, but with dwellers and campers who establish headquarters here, and pass the whole season among its delights. So near the city is it that one can ensconce himself in any of the great hotels, have ample time to attend to his business in Boston and still spend two-thirds of the time in the Nantasket neighborhood, the evenings being, if anything, more interesting than the days.

Forty years ago, Nantasket Beach was practically unknown, the bright landscape, the broad beach of firm, white sand, the rocks, the tossing sea—all these were there in primitive beauty, but for all that, none, save the dwellers in the immediate neighborhood, who found the place a pleasant one for family picnic parties or stray sportsmen, gun on shoulder, who accidentally wandered thither, knew anything of the spot. It was back in

the forties that a small hotel or two were built for the accommodation of summer guests. Very difficult must it have been then, one would think, for the owners of these pioneer "shore houses" to see in their modest structures, one of which would hardly make a respectable kitchen for a modern summer hotel, the germs of a great resort, to whose shores in later days should flock by thousands, the physically and mentally weary and heavy-laden, for rest and recuperation. The first steamboat pier was built in 1869 and the boats of the Boston & Hingham Steamboat Company, which had for half a century previous been running to Hingham, began to touch at Nantasket Beach. Those who came once, returned to busy cities, charmed with the spot. They told their friends of the Arcadia which they had discovered. The tens of visitors became scores, and the scores



hundreds, and notably within the past ten years a spirit of enterprise has entered into the very atmosphere of the place, until now the number of tourists who visit the beach during the warm months, are numbered by thousands. In place of the unpretentious hotels of the early hosts, now are seen great caravansaries, architecturally beautiful without, and supplied within with every comfort and convenience which a guest may desire. The once barren knolls and hill-sides are covered with handsome cottages, many of which are occupied by Boston's best families. One thing which gives Nantasket Beach no inconsiderable prestige, is the fact that its tone has always been high. Without being a Newport, where none but millionaires<sup>1</sup> congenial companionship awaiting them, the Beach has



drawn to itself the patronage of the people of moderate means, but of taste and refinement as well. In the parlors and upon the piazzas of its great hotels, silks rustle and diamonds glitter, and women and men whose speech and manners entitle them to the appellation of ladies and gentlemen, promenade and converse, or listen to the music of an evening. It should not be inferred, however, that Nantasket is a spot where a poor man has no place. On the contrary, there is no summer resort known to the writer, where the laboring man and his family can enjoy a day's or a week's outing to more advantage to themselves, or at less expense than here. Nantasket Beach is almost as great a resort—indeed perhaps fully so—after sunset as before. Of a pleasant evening during the warm months, especially if it be moonlight, the steamers and cars are crowded, and great numbers of people promenade upon the beach under the bright glare of the electric lights, listening to the excellent music which is furnished each evening. But from this time we must leave our tourist to discover for himself new pleasures, and find new ties of pleasant remembrance binding him to these shores after each visit. Any sketch of Nantasket, whether by night or by day, must necessarily be but superficial. It has simply been our purpose to point out some of the more salient features of their great resort in a plain and simple manner; and trusting that the information furnished has been of some value to those who have honored these pages with their perusal, we will after a brief history of the Nantasket hotels, bring this sketch to a close.

When landing on Nantasket Beach we look in either direction and see an almost unbroken line of great hotels, we are apt to recall with a smile, the fact that, in 1721 the people of Hull voted in town meeting, "that there should never be a public house in the town." In 1826 a Mr. Worrick opened a small house near the southerly end of Nantasket and called it the "Sportsman." This old inn, the resort of Daniel Webster and other distinguished men during the presidencies of Adams,

Jackson and Tyler, may be considered the pioneer of Nantasket's hotels. From it have sprung the great Rockland, built in 1854, one of the best and most commodious, enjoying a reputation second to none. The Rockland Café situated directly upon the beach at the head of the street leading from the landing and the favorite resort of the great crowds of transients who visit Nantasket. The hotel Nantasket adjoining, the Alladin's palace of this region, in all ways charmingly attractive to the visitors. The Atlantic, crowning the summit of the hill of that name, and one of the largest and most popular hotels on the coast. The New Pacific, a large modern house on a bold bluff over the sea. The Standish, Ocean View and Arlington noted for their clam bakes, the Centre, Park, Waverly and Wentworth, family hotels, whose patrons would consider a season lost that did not find them in their favorite resting places. The Sagamore, Pavilion, Strait's Pond, and a host of other small but neat hotels where one can find all the accommodations needed for a healthful pleasant sojourn, whether for a day or for the season.

Just across the inner bay from Nantasket, and reached by the boats of the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Company, lies

## DOWNER LANDING,

Known the country over as one of the most attractive of sea-side resorts, revelling in natural beauties of both sea and land, and offering a variety of charms to which the over-crowded and overheated public of our cities, turn with delightful satisfaction.

Downer Landing is situated thirteen miles from Boston, at the entrance of Hingham harbor. It enjoys the invigorating health-giving breezes of the sea, happily combining rural and ocean scenery of the highest order.

The "Landing," takes its name from Mr. Samuel Downer, a wealthy Bostonian, who saw in the natural beauties of the place, while the land was still mere hill and dale, without inhabitants,

save the cattle, the possibilities of developing a most attractive sea-shore resort. He accordingly purchased the property, built a steamboat wharf, and expended money so lavishly, and yet so judiciously, that now, the scene which was at first only visible to the mind's eye of its projector, is accessible in all its beauty to the tourist.

The cottages at Downer, are unique and costly, and its patrons are of a high social grade. Electric lights illuminate the grounds at night, and concerts are given every afternoon by one of Boston's best orchestras. Boats, both for rowing and sailing, can be obtained at the pier, with safe and reliable boatmen to take charge of parties desiring a sail. At a distance of about three miles is one of the best deep-sea fishing grounds to be found on the coast. Close by the landing, there is a very fine, gradually sloping beach, with neat, commodious bathing-houses; also, a bath-house, where can be obtained hot and cold, fresh and salt water baths. The drives from Downer Landing over Downer Avenue, one of the finest roads in New England, through the ancient town of Hingham, and thence to Nantasket Beach, or over Jerusalem Road, by Lake Galilee, to Cohasset, are not exceeded in picturesque beauty by any in this country.

Downer Landing has an excellent hotel,—the Rose Standish House,—looking from a distance like some old time three-decker, drifted ashore, under the hill. The hotel is a spacious and comfortable one, and has always been the resort of such as are called in the neighboring metropolis, "nice people."

Not the least of the attractions of Downer Landing, is Melville Garden, which is beautifully laid out as a pleasure ground.

Within the garden is an excellent restaurant, a large and airy music hall, where dancing is enjoyed each afternoon and evening, a billiard room, bowling alley, shooting gallery, flying horses and swings, camera obscura, and many other attractions for old and young; there is also a large pavilion, opposite the music hall, where a genuine Rhode Island clam bake is served

each day. A bridge over Downer avenue connects with the garden, a beautiful grove of five acres, fitted up with pavilion, shades, seats, ice cream pagoda, also, a menagerie for the amusement of the children, all of which make the Melville Garden a favorite resort for church, society and picnic parties, as well as the general public. A neat little ferry-boat makes frequent trips to the picturesque "Ragged Island," near the landing, which is supplied with every convenience for picnic parties. "Little Walton" is an enclosure just outside the garden, furnished with a large hall, swings, etc., for the use of small private parties. Altogether, Downer Landing, with its varied attractions, is sure of affording pleasure to the tourist, whether he runs down for a day, or sojourns for the season. A pleasant barge ride of a few moments from the landing and we are at



## HINGHAM,

An ancient town seventeen miles from Boston, on the South Shore branch of the Old Colony Railroad, and also reached by the Boston & Nantasket Steamboat Company. As things go in this country, Hingham is indeed an "ancient" town; but the references to antiquity most noticable here by the tourist, or sojourner are rather in the direction of honorable families and family names, historic associations, and the preservation of grand old manners and customs, than to "old style" buildings, monuments, or observances. There are few localities that exhibit so

ch of the ancient, and the modern in its buildings, and of

the picturesque in its magnificent views of the surrounding country and ocean. The water front of Hingham, is connected with the placid waters of the inland bays, and the peculiar formation of Nantasket, and the neighboring shores, protect it from the fury of the Atlantic billows. As a summering place, its excellences of every sort are of the highest order. For boating and driving, the coast of New England furnishes but few equals to Hingham, while the situation of its surrounding hills, render it the natural home of campers. From Prospect Hill one of the grandest and most comprehensive panoramas stretches out on every hand, embracing shore and headlands, harbor and shipping. The old meeting house, undoubtedly the oldest in



New England, and still occupied by the First Society, was built in or about 1660. It is a two-story edifice, with a pyramidal roof, from the centre of which rises a grotesque belfry and spire. The Hingham cemetery is a beautiful spot, containing the remains

of our great war governor, John A. Andrew, whose grave is surmounted by a beautiful white marble statue of the great man. Many of the streets are shaded with large and beautiful trees. The town is also the residence of ex-Governor John D. Long. Near the station of the N.Y., N.H. & H.Rd., in Hingham, is a neat and comfortable hotel, the Cushing House, much resorted to by Boston's aristocracy.

## COHASSET.

Twenty-one and one-half miles from Boston via the N. Y., N. H. & H. Rd., is not the least among the many quiet, and at the same time, rugged and picturesque summer retreats on the South Shore. The shores of Cohasset are magnificent crags or ledges, the latter often running off into the waters of the bay, or uniting with those which rear their forms beyond the surf line outward. Its lands stretching backward from the coasts are tumbled about in fantastic hill and cliff formations, enclosing vales and meadows, which are excellent centres of dairy and farming operations. Within the boundaries of Cohasset is the far famed JERUSALEM ROAD,—the delightful highway along the bluff leading from Nantasket Beach, which many of Boston's aristocracy have fixed upon as sacred to themselves. The sea view from this road is unexcelled for beauty, and a drive along its smooth course is rendered additionally pleasing on account of the elegant residences, surrounded by well kept and attractive grounds, which line it on either side. These structures are of a totally different style from the cottages on the Beach proper, for they are all more substantially constructed and more elaborate, architecturally. In several instances they are solidly built of stone, with commodious stables in the rear. They resemble the Newport villa more nearly than the more modest cottage peculiar to Nantasket. It is on account of their extra solidity of construction that the owners of the Jerusalem Road cottages are enabled to occupy them for a longer period during the year than if they were simply unplastered, frame structures, which the chilly winds of the very early and late months of "the season" pierce into so searchingly. As has been said, the drive over the road is at all times a charming one, even to one familiar with its beauties, while to a stranger it cannot fail to be a most delightful experience.

On the eastern side of Cohasset, at the "Point" overlooking the harbor, stands a little collection of contiguous estates belonging to the actors, Lawrence Barrett, Robson and Crane. In the late fall, the Cohasset shores become the resort of a class of sportsmen, numbers of whom travel great distances to attain this rendezvous and the excitement and pleasure of coot shooting.

Cohasset forms the northern limit of the area furnished by the Massachusetts coast for this sporting, the other extreme being found in South Plymouth, while all the intermediate shores are included in the "field." Every year the number of those who prolong their stay about this sea-shore section increases, and there are diversions and pastimes belonging to the late season, regarding which only experimental knowledge is of any account. The story of Cohasset would not be complete without mention of the famous old Black Rock House, from which the Jerusalem Road runs for miles down the coast.

## SCITUATE,

From Satuit, meaning "Cold Brook," was suggested by a small stream of cold and very pure water. This delightful old town, twenty-six miles from Boston, on the South Shore branch, of the N.Y., N.H. & H. Rd., is a desirable place for rest and recreation during the hot summer months. To compile the history of so ancient a town as Scituate, and bring it within the limits prescribed for this GUIDE, is a task not easy, and necessarily, much that is interesting must be left out. Scituate, whose first inhabitants came from Plymouth about 1630, became a town in 1636. It originally comprised the two towns of Scituate, and South Scituate, (now Norwell) and the greater part of what is now the town of Hanover. From the very earliest settlement the boundary lines between Scituate, and its neighbors, have been the cause of many disputes, and it amuses one to read, that as early as 1636, there was evidently not room in Scituate for

its settlers, or else they could not live happily together, for in that year, a Mr. Hatherly made complaint to the Colony court, "that the place was too strait for them" and petitioned that certain lands in the southerly part of the town might be given them. This petition was finally granted, and several colonists took up their residences near North River. This river, a stream of surpassing beauty, forms the natural boundary of the town. In former days it was the centre of busy industry. The tide rose and fell many feet, and the banks of the river were lined with ship-yards, and more ship-building was carried on here than at any other place in New England. But all is changed; a sand-bar has closed the mouth of the river to that extent, that the tide flows in but a very short distance; its portals are closed to the passage of vessels; its ship-yards are gone. Its beauty still remains however, enhanced perhaps, by the fact that the obstructions at its mouth keeps it always bank full, but its former great usefulness is gone. The river near its mouth, and Fourth Cliff, is now called New Harbor, to distinguish it from Scituate harbor, and could the entrance be dredged out it would form the finest harbor of refuge along the coast. Boats were built here as early as 1650, and here it was that Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, who died recently, full of years and honors, made himself while a mere boy, familiar with ship-building. His son, Joseph Smith, was in command of the *Congress*, during the terrible battle with the *Merrimac*. At the time of this battle the Admiral, then an old man, was in charge of a bureau in the navy department, and it is related, that when he asked for news of this battle, and was told: "The *Cumberland* has been sunk and the *Congress* has surrendered," calmly turned to his duties with the remark, "Then Joe is dead," and so it proved, for he was killed by the first broadside from the rebel craft. Captain Albert Smith, the other son of the Admiral, died during the war from the effects of what he suffered in passing up the Mississippi and at the battle of New Orleans. This may seem like digres-



sion, but it illustrates the material these old ship-builders were made of, and is a bit of history growing out of ship-building on this river. Here in 1773, James Briggs built the ship *Columbia*, the first American ship to visit what is now the Pacific coast of this great country. Capt. Kendrick sailed up the great river he found there, and named it after his vessel, the *Columbia*, a name so appropriate that it has been retained. Thus, a little ship built on a little North River, gave a name to the mightiest stream that flows into the Pacific Ocean. Up on the sea coast is Scituate Harbor, a secure little gem of a harbor, when vessels get into it, but rather difficult of access. Ships were also built here as early as 1646. The Glades, so called, situated at the northernmost point of the town, is a beautiful promontory jutting out into the ocean. The southerly part of it is rugged, rocky and covered with red-cedar. These trees, of an old growth when the country was first settled, formed quite an article of merchandise, and were sent to Boston in large quantities. The north part is composed of the finest arable land in the country. It has quite an elevation above the sea, and a splendid view in all directions may be had. The Glades is owned by a Boston club. On a slightly inclined hill in one of the villages of Scituate, in full view of the shore, and the outstretched waters of the bay beyond, although at some little distance inland from these features stands, the house and the old well, which furnished the material for the construction of "The Old Oaken Bucket," a composition, which still, in song and recitation, moves the family circle in every hamlet from Maine to Mexico. The author of this poem, Samuel Woodworth, was a native of this town.

"The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house hung it;  
And e'en the old bucket which hung in the well,"—

is embraced in the beautiful prospect from this spot, including,

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,"

The "curb" has disappeared from the scene, and a modern chain pump\*supplements the old fashioned sweep and bucket, while new buildings have been erected on the site of the old. Straight out to sea, four miles from the Scituate shore, rises the famous "Minot's Light", a tall stone tower springing up in the very



midst of the waters. This most famous of American lights deserves to rank with the first three or four in the world, and perhaps, in point of peril in building, difficulty of construction, tragic history, cost, usefulness, picturesque beauty as a feature of the landscape, no light is its superior. The light stands upon a mere thumb of rock, hardly exposed even at low tide, but a terrible danger in the path of ships entering or leaving Boston harbor. The light is eighty-

eight feet high, and was built to take the place of one destroyed in a terrible storm many years ago.

## MARSHFIELD.

Noted as is the whole southeastern sea-coast of Massachusetts for its watering places, for its delightful localities for summer abodes or for a day of recreation and for its numerous resorts for sea bathing, fishing and gunning, no section surpasses the town of Marshfield in any of these respects. It is thirty-four miles from Boston on the N.Y., N.H. & H.Rd. The town of Marshfield, together with Duxbury, its adjoining town on the south, shares with Plymouth the interest which attaches to the home of the Pilgrims. Its fertile lands, watered by North

River, on its northerly border by South River in its central section and by Green's Harbor River in its southerly, its territory was admirably adapted to those agricultural pursuits which were the chief support of the Pilgrims. The town was probably settled as early as 1627—by removals from Plymouth. The locality was called Green's Harbor, but it was simply a parish, some of the occupants of lands having houses and homes there, and others owning and cultivating farms, while they retained their dwellings in Plymouth and Duxbury. In 1640 the General Court enacted "that Green's Harbor shall be a township and shall be called by the name of Rexhame but now Marshfield." The termination "hame" simply meant

"town" and Rexhame was another name for Kingtown. Historians differ as to whether the name had its origin in the physical characteristics of the territory or whether it was derived from Marsfield, England. In the southerly part of the town is the estate where Daniel Webster lived many years of his life. In quest of rest and recreation

he turned his feet thitherward. The sea fowl around Brant Rock and Cut River, the trout in the brooks, the invigorating sea air, and the beautiful in nature on every hand caused him to make it his home. Here were passed his serenest and happiest days and here he died. In the old Winslow burying ground repose his remains. His stone bears the following inscription, that part which is an extract from the Scriptur having been inserted at his own request and the remainder being a statement of his own : —



HOME OF WEBSTER  
MARSHFIELD.

"DANIEL WEBSTER,  
BORN JANUARY 18, 1782,  
DIED OCTOBER 24, 1852.  
'LORD I BELIEVE, HELP THOU  
MINE UNBELIEF.'

PHILOSOPHICAL  
ARGUMENT, ESPECIALLY  
THAT DRAWN FROM THE VASTNESS OF  
THE UNIVERSE, IN COMPARISON WITH THE  
APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS GLOBE HAS SOME-  
TIMES SHAKEN MY REASON FOR THE FAITH WHICH IS IN ME;  
BUT MY HEART HAS ALWAYS ASSURED AND REASSURED ME THAT  
THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST MUST BE A DIVINE REALITY. THE  
SERMON ON THE MOUNT CANNOT BE A MERE HUMAN  
PRODUCTION. THIS BELIEF ENTERS INTO  
THE VERY DEPTH OF MY CONSCIENCE.  
THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MAN  
PROVES IT."

From this cemetery hill the visitor has a fine view of the surrounding country. A short ride from Marshfield station bring us to "OCEAN BLUFF," a settlement of forty or fifty cottages, built along the edge of a bluff and commanding a view of the open ocean as far as the eye can reach. Just after we pass the "Bluff" we are at another village of cottages, called BRANT ROCK, although the two are really one village. At this latter place is located the post office, several hotels and a number of stores of various kinds. Brant Rock and its vicinity, including the islands along this section of the sea coast, have long been a great resort of sea fowl; and here the sportsman will not fail to meet an abundant reward. South of Brant Rock is a small harbor known as Bluefish Cove, a superb locality for boating and fishing and a favorite resort for ladies, whose tastes incline them to these healthful pastimes.





There are probably no out-door sports more fascinating, while visiting our shores, than that of boating and fishing on the beautiful inlets and rivers along the coast in this vicinity, the smooth waters being especially adapted to ladies of a timid disposition. Nor is the beautiful beach at Brant Rock the least of the attractions of this place to the summer visitor, affording as it does, such excellent opportunities for sea bathing. GREEN HARBOR village, still another small settlement in this part of the town consists of perhaps two score houses, built near the mouth of Green Harbor or "Cut River" as it is better known. At one time this stream with its broad entrance formed a natural refuge for vessels. The recent history of this river, covering the erection of a dyke and highway across it, is worthy a brief mention in this volume. Along the borders were situated, according to an authentic survey, fourteen hundred acres of marsh, only a small part of which yielded any income. In 1870 some of the marsh owners applied to the harbor commissioners for permission to erect a dyke that the land might be reclaimed. In 1871 their report was made to the Legislature to the effect that whatever damages might be inflicted upon the harbor by a dyke, would be more than compensated for, by the contribution to the agricultural wealth of the town. In 1871 the Legislature gave the desired permission and in 1872 the dyke was completed at a cost of nearly thirty thousand dollars, which was paid by the marsh owners. The town of Marshfield subsequently laid out a highway across this dyke, thus giving direct communication by land between the different sections of the town. The building of the dyke, however, has resulted in the shoaling of the river to such an extent that boats can enter only at high tide. At low tide, what was formerly a magnificent river, is now a mere thread of water and its usefulness as a harbor of refuge has departed forever.

## **Descriptive and Historic Plymouth.**

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**T**HIRTY-SEVEN miles from Boston lies the historic town of Plymouth, which viewed simply as the landing place of the Pilgrims, has an interest which attaches to no other place in America. But who ever supposes, and thousands have heretofore made the mistake, that this ancient town depends alone upon its historic connection for the element of attractiveness, stands in need of enlightenment. Indeed, no situation on the entire Massachusetts coast presents so many and so varied features which go to make up the ideal summering place. The beauties of its scenery, the unusual heathfulness of its air, the variety of its drives, and its unbounded resources for its sportsmen and pleasure seekers, have been more widely recognized with each coming season.

As the tourist nears his destination his attention is engaged with a view of Plymouth Harbor spread out before him, the same scene in all its essential particulars as that which greeted the Pilgrims more than two and a half centuries ago. Here can be seen Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, the headland of Saquish and the twin light-houses of Gurnet. Near the light-house stands a station of the United States Life Saving Service.





**Pulpit Rock, Clark's Island.**

But the iron horse partakes nothing of the traveler's sentimental feelings and the train runs swiftly on into the station which is the terminus of this branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The reader, then, having removed the stains of travel at one of the many hotels sallies out refreshed for sight seeing, and a few minutes' walk brings him to the first point of interest, a rough granite building on the left side of the street, whose Doric columns and portico gives it almost the look of a Greek temple.



### PILGRIM HALL.

It is Pilgrim Hall, within whose walls the tourist can spend a profitable hour in inspecting the many relics of pilgrim and colonial days. Before entering, however, let us look about a little. Upon the pediment of the porch will be noticed a finely executed allegorical group in demi-relief, representing the landing. In front of the hall, and to the left of the visitor's path, is seen, enclosed in an elliptical iron fence, a marble slab, bearing as an inscription the wording of the memorable "compact," made in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. The

hall itself is now entered. The building was erected in 1824, but in 1880 it was greatly improved in its internal arrangements through the generosity of Mr. Joseph Stickney of Baltimore, an inscription acknowledging whose liberality meets the visitor's eye as he enters the vestibule. To the right, as one enters, is the reception room, where visitors register their names and pay the usual small fee for admission to the main hall. In the reception room however, the tourist should not neglect to give a moment to the examination of the small picture of the landing, presented by Col. Shaw, as well as the portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and Gov. Trumbull of Connecticut, with old engravings, etc., which hang upon the walls. The most important relic in the reception room, however, is a parchment commission from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Proctor of England, to Governor Edward Winslow, as one of the arbitrators between Great Britain and the United Provinces of Holland. This is particularly valuable from having a contemporaneous portrait of Cromwell, which is in the upper left-hand corner. The original signature was torn off by some unscrupulous visitor, in the time of free admission, but has been supplied by a finely executed fac-simile.

The main hall, which is next entered, is forty-six by thirty-nine feet in dimensions, and is lighted fully and pleasantly from the large roof skylight, there being no side windows.

Fronting the entrance, at the east end of the hall, hangs the large painting, thirteen by sixteen feet

of the Landing, painted by Henry Sargent, an amateur artist of Boston, and by him presented to the Pilgrim Society in 1834. Its estimated value is \$3,000. The massive frame was retouched and the canvas cleansed at the time of the general repairs upon the building in 1880. The two other most notable paintings are a fine copy of Weir's 'Embarkation,' (the original of which is in the Capitol at Washington), and Lucy's great painting of the 'Embarkation from Delft Haven, Holland.' The latter is a gift from ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice of Boston. To this picture was awarded the British government prize of £1,000 at Westminster Hall, London, in 1848. Hugh Stowell Brown says of it: "The Speedwell is waiting for the exiles at Delft Haven. They all assembled on the shore on the morning of the 22d of July, 1620. The pastor knelt upon the shore, and surrounded by the sobbing multitude, poured out his soul in fervent prayer on their behalf." This is the deeply interesting moment which the artist has happily chosen. Many other objects of interest will be seen about the hall. Here are the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, which were brought over in the Mayflower, the cradle in which was rocked Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony; the sword of Myles Standish, with the Arabic inscriptions upon the blade, and to which Longfellow alludes in his 'Courtships':-

"Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe  
interrupting,



**Landing of the Pilgrims.—** Painting by Sargent.



**Embarkation of the Pilgrims.**

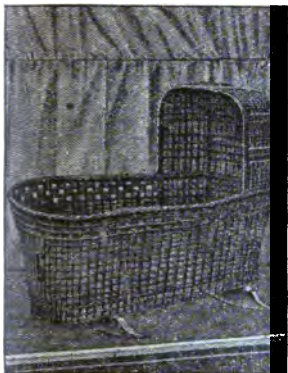
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Myles Standish,  
the Captain of Plymouth.

'Look at these arms,' he said; 'the warlike weapons  
that hang here,

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade  
or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in  
Flanders.' "

The inscriptions upon the Standish sword had always remained untranslated until the evening of June 7, 1871, when Prof. Rosedale, a native of Palestine, and an accomplished linguist, visited Pilgrim Hall, by invitation and examined the ancient weapon. The Professor stated that the inscriptions are of two dates, one of them in Cufic Arabic, very old, and the other Mediæval Arabic, of a later period, but still very ancient. The later one, Prof. Rosedale readily translated as follows: "With peace God ruled his slaves, and with the judgment of His arm, He troubled the mighty of the wicked." The word "slaves", means, in our language. creatures; and by "the mighty of the wicked," is meant the most powerful and evil of the wicked. The professor further said that the sword is probably one of the most ancient weapons in existence, and is of great value. He thinks it dates back at least to two or three hundred years before the Christain era, and may be possibly much older than that. The older characters he did not attempt to decipher at the time of his visit, but he took a copy with him to endeavor to translate at his leisure. He was of the impression, however,



**Peregrine White's Cradle.**



**Governor Carver's Chair and  
Ancient Spinning Wheel.**



**Model of the Mayflower.**



**Tablet of the Compact Adjoin-  
ing Pilgrim Hall.**

that the meaning was "synonymous with that of the later inscription.



### **Sword, Pot and Platter of Myles Standish.**

In the Hall are also shown John Alden's Bible, a deed acknowledged before Alden in 1653, an original letter of Metacomet, otherwise called King Phillip, chief of the Wampanoags, and many other interesting relics.

In remodeling the building, it was the intention to devote the upper or main hall exclusively to the display of Pilgrim mementos, while in the basement is a smaller hall, in which are arranged in



cases and around the walls a miscellaneous collection of relics other than those relating to the Pilgrims. These, hardly less than the exhibits in the main hall, merit the visitor's examination. Leaving Pilgrim Hall and passing onward up the street, a few steps brings the tourist to the Court House, a handsome dark-brown building, setting well back from the street, fronted by a well-kept lawn, in whose centre a fountain sends up its graceful spray. The building, which was built in 1820 and remodeled in 1857, is one of the finest edifices of the kind in Massachusetts, its main court room in particular being a high-studded, nobly proportioned apartment.

Upon the front of the court house is a mural tablet of white marble, with the seal of the Old Colony sculptured in relief. The quarterings of the shield represent four kneeling figures, each having a flaming heart in its hands. On one side of each of the figures is a small tree, indicative, as is supposed, of the infant growth of the plantation. The attitude and semi-nude appearance of the figures indicate that they are Indians, and are at once significant of their subjection, hearty welcome and ultimate loyalty. About the seal are the words; "Plimovth Nov-Anglia Sigillvm Societatis," with the date "1620" above the shield. Within the court house, the most interesting room to the visitor, is that of the register of deeds. Here are preserved the old records of Plymouth Colony, the will of Myles Standish, and the original patent granted to the company in 1629, by Earl Warwick,



**Court House.**

with its great wax seal and the box in which it was brought from England, together with many ancient Indian deeds, etc. In the rear of the court house is the county jail and the house of the sheriff.

Passing once more along the pleasant street, with its overarching elms, we come to Shirley Square, whence, turning to the left down North Street, towards the water, we come to Cole's Hill where, in the severe winter that followed the Pilgrims' landing they buried half of their number, levelling the graves, and in the ensuing spring planting

corn above them, so that the Indians might not be able to count the mounds and so learn the terrible story. The cause of the rapid mortality among the Pilgrims was scurvy, and other diseases induced by exposure to the weather, poor and insufficient food and clothing, and hastily built dwellings. The commanding position of the hill, overlooking the harbor as it does, led to its selection in 1742 for the location of a battery. The first fortifications were replaced by others in 1775, and still a third fort was thrown up here in 1814. But the visitor will not let the recollection of these matters too long fix his attention to the hill, for before him, at the foot of the grassy slope, is situated Plymouth Rock, the corner stone of a great nation.

Descending the flight of steps which lead down the hill, the sight-seer stands face to face with the most interesting historical relic on this continent. The piece of rock which is in view of the visitor lay for many years in front of Pilgrim Hall. In 1774 an attempt to remove the rock to the foot of the liberty pole in 'Town Square' resulted in its separation and while the upper half alone was removed, the lower remained in its bed. On the 4th of July, 1834, the severed portion, which since 1774 had remained in the square, and by the side of which an elm tree was planted in 1784, was removed to the front yard of Pilgrim Hall, and the next year enclosed by the iron fence which now on another spot surrounds the stone slab bearing the text of the compact. The remainder of the rock continued in its bed, merely showing its



**Cole's Hill and Canopy Over Plymouth Rock.**

surface above the earth until 1859, when the land upon which it stands came under the control of the Pilgrim Society and steps were taken to carry out a previously formed plan of erecting over it a granite canopy. In 1859 the corner stone was laid. The canopy consists of four angle piers, decorated with three-quarter reeded columns of the Tuscan order, standing on pedestals and supporting a composed entablature above which is an attic. Between the piers on each face, is an open arch, so that the rock is visible from all sides, and the arches are fitted with iron gates. The canopy



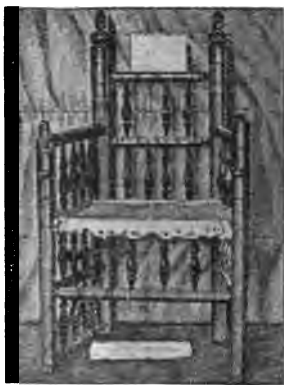
**Plymouth Rock.**

measures about fifteen feet square and is thirty feet high. In 1880 the severed portion of the rock was restored to its old resting place, and it now lies within the canopy reunited to its fellow rock.

The authenticity of the story of the landing on this rock, rests both upon general tradition and well-defined statements transmitted from generation to generation. Among them may be mentioned the statement of Ephraim Spooner and others to persons either now living or recently deceased, that in 1741, when it was proposed to construct a



**The Oldest Grave.**



**Elder Brewster's Chair.**

wharf over the rock, Elder Thomas Faunce, born in 1647 and then ninety-four years of age, was carried in a chair to the spot, and, supposing it about to be buried forever, bade it an affectionate farewell as the first resting place of the feet of the Pilgrims. He stated that his father, John Faunce, who came over in the *Ann* in 1623, had repeatedly told him the story. He was old enough to have heard the story from the *Mayflower's* passengers themselves. He was ten years old when Governor Bradford died, twenty-four when John Howland died, nine years old when Myles Standish died, and thirty-nine when John Alden died, and he would have been at least likely to have learned from them. whether the story of his father was correct or not

Leaving the rock, and proceeding toward the centre of the town once more, we pass through Leyden street, where the Pilgrims built their dwellings, to Town Square, where may be seen the "Congregationalist Church of the Pilgrimage," with its chapel adjacent. It was erected in 1840, and its chapel is believed to stand on the exact spot occupied by the first church of the Pilgrims. Of this first structure but little is known except that it was erected in 1638 (the forefathers before that time worshipping in the fort on the hill) and had a bell. In 1683 a new building was erected, not on the same lot, but farther out in the square and fronting it. This was forty-five by forty feet, sixteen feet in the walls, had a Gothic roof, diamond window-glass and a bell.

In 1744, still another church was built, on or near the same sight. This remained until the present one was built, which stands further up the hill than the previous ones. Nearly opposite the "Church of the Pilgrimage" is an old building, now the town house. This was built in 1759, as a county court house, the town contributing a part of the cost for the privilege of using it. When the new court house was built in 1820, this building was purchased by the town. The entrance to it for some years after it was built was from the east end, by a broad flight of steps. About 1787 these were taken away, and the entrance fixed as at present to make a market in the basement, which was kept there as a town market until about 1848. Facing the square is the Church of the First Parish,



**Burial Hill.**

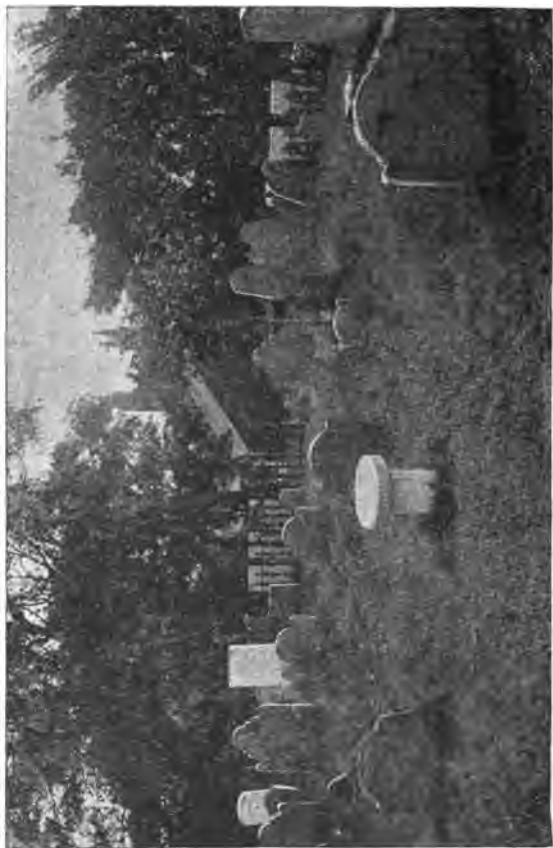
the original church of the Pilgrims. It is now of the Unitarian denomination. The present church, an imitation of the Gothic, was built in 1830.

The eminence which rises above the square is Burial Hill. Here is seen the monument to Governor Bradford, and that to Robert and Thomas Cushman. To the left, just below the Cushman monument, is a marble tablet which marks the spot where the fort of the little colony was located. The edifice was also their church where they worshipped God in the freedom which they were forced to cross the stormy sea to find. From the hill a beautiful view is obtained of the town and harbor Plymouth, and of the Standish monument on



**Captain's Hill Duxbury.** Opposite is Watson's Hill, which was a favorite resort of the Indians, and is famous as the scene of the treaty with Massasoit, which conduced so effectually to the safety and permanence of the Colony.

On Burial Hill, in addition to the fort previously mentioned, were erected a brick water tower, whose corners are marked by four stone posts, and later, a second fortification, containing three pieces of ordinance. Among the many monuments and head-stones on Burial Hill, the marble obelisk to Gov. Bradford is conspicuous. The oldest stone is that to the memory of Edward Gray, a merchant and one of the wealthiest men of the colony, which bears the date of 1681. There are but four other original stones having dates in the seventeenth century, to William Crowe (1683-4), Thomas Clarke, the reputed mate of the Mayflower, (1697), Mrs. Hannah Clark (1687), and John Cotton (1699). On the westerly side of the hill is a monument erected by Stephen Gale of Portland, Maine: "To the memory of seventy-two seamen, who perished in Plymouth harbor on the 26th and 27th days of December, 1778, on board the private armed brig, Gen. Arnold, of twenty guns, James Magee of Boston, commanding; sixty of whom are buried on this spot. There are many quaint inscriptions to be read upon the head-stones, and the visitor who descends the hill before making a careful search over them will lose a most interesting experience.



**Site of the Old Fort, 1621, Burial Hill.**

## Monuments and Inscriptions.

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

Close around us are the last resting places of many of the first comers. The marble obelisk in memory of Gov. William Bradford, the second Governor, with its untranslatable Hebrew text; and its Latin inscription, freely rendered: "Do not basely relinquish what the Fathers with difficulty attained," erected in 1825, is near to us, and around it are numerous stones, marking the resting places of his descendants. A little back, on a path to the rear entrance to the hill, is the oldest stone in the cemetery. It must be remembered that for many years the colonists had far other cares, and many other uses for their little savings, than to provide stones to mark their graves. These had to be imported from England at much cost and consequently it was some years before any were able to afford the expense. The oldest stone is that to the memory of Edward Gray, 1681. Mr. Gray was a merchant, and one of the wealthiest men in the colony. Near the head of this path is

a stone to William Crowe, 1683-4. Near by is one to Thomas Clarke, 1697, erroneously reported to have been the mate of the Mayflower, but who came in the Ann, in 1623. Clark's Island, supposed by many to have been named for Thomas Clark, received its name from John Clark, now known to have been the mate of the Mayflower. Beside the grave of Thomas Clark is that of his son, Nathaniel, who was one of the Councillors of Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of New England. Other old stones are those of Mrs. Hannah Clark, 1697; and John Cotton, 1699. These are all the original stones, bearing dates in the seventeenth century. There are some with dates of that century which have been erected since, by descendants, including the monument to Gov. Bradford, before alluded to; the monument to Robert Cushman, and the stone over the remains of John Howland. The inscription on the latter stone reads as follows:

Here ended the pilgrimage of JOHN HOWLAND and ELIZABETH, his wife. She was the daughter of Governor Carver. They arrived in the Mayflower, December, 1620. They had four sons and six daughters, from whom are descended a numerous posterity.

1672, Feb'y 23d. JOHN HOWLAND, of Plymouth, deceased. He lived to the age of eighty years. He was the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called the Mayflower, that lived in Plymouth.—[Plymouth Records.

Near the Bradford monument are the graves of his family. The face of the stone at the grave of his son, Major William Bradford, shelled off in 1876-7, but the inscription has since been retraced.

The cut following is reproduced from a view taken of the original, and is an exact *fac simile*:



Here lyes ye body of ye honourable Major Willliam Bradford, who expired Feb'y ye 20th, 1703-4, aged 79 years.

He lived long, but still was doing good,  
And in his country's service lost much blood,  
After a life well spent, he's now at rest,  
His very name and memory is blest.

At the grave of another son, the headstone reads as follows:

Here lyes interred ye body of Mr. Joseph Bradford, son to the late Honorable William Bradford, Esq., Governor of Plymouth Colony, who departed this life July the 10th, 1715, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

The following are some of the inscriptions of the older stones:

Here lyes ye body of MRS. HANNAH STURTEVANT, aged above sixty-four years. Dec. in March, 1708-9.

Here lyes buried the body of MR. THOMAS FAUNCE, ruling elder of the First Church of Christ in Plymouth. Deceased Feb'y 27, 1745, in the ninety-ninth year of his age.

The fathers—where are they?

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

[Elder Faunce was the last who held the office of ruling elder in the church. He was cotemporary with many of the first comers, and from him comes much of the information we possess about the localities now venerated.]

The epitaphs in old graveyards possess much interest to the lovers of the quaint and curious, and this first cemetery of New England is not without its attractions of that kind. The following are some of the most interesting:

This stone is erected to the memory of that unbiased judge, faithful officer, sincere friend, and honest man, COL. ISAAC LOTHROP, who resigned this life on the 28th day of April, 1750, in the forty-third year of his age.

Had Virtue's charms the power to save  
Its faithful votaries from the grave,  
This stone had ne'er possessed the fame  
Of being marked with Lothrop's name.

A row of stones on the top of the hill, near the marble tablet marking the locality of the Watch Tower, is raised to the memory of the ministers of the First Parish. Back of these is the Judson lot, where the sculptor's chisel has perpetuated the remembrance of Rev. Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to Burmah, whose body was

committed to the keeping of old ocean. On the westerly side of the hill is a monument erected by Stephen Gale of Portland, Maine:

To the memory of seventy-two seamen, who perished in Plymouth Harbor, on the 26th and 27th days of December 1778, on board the private armed brig, GENERAL ARNOLD, of twenty guns, JAMES MAGEE, of Boston, Commander; sixty, of whom were buried in this spot

We are under obligations for the following curious epitaphs to Mr. Edgar C. Raymond, who from his occupation, and from having had charge of the hill several years, acquired an intimate knowledge of the old and new stones, and is a ready guide to those of special note.

About midway on the easterly slope, a little to the north of the main path up the hill, we will begin:

On the stone to a child aged one month:

He glanced into our world to see  
A sample of our miserie.

On a stone a little farther north, to the memory of four children, aged respectively thirty-six, twenty-one, seventeen, and two years:

Stop, traveller, and shed a tear  
Upon the fate of children dear,

On the path towards the school-house, on a stone to a woman with an infant child by her side:

Come view the SEEN, 'twill fill you with surprise,  
Behold the loveliest form in nature dies;  
At noon she flourished, blooming fair and gay;  
At evening an extended corpse she lay.

Near the entrance to this path is the grave of a

Revolutionary soldier, Capt. Jacob Taylor; died 1788:

Through life he braved her foe, if great or small,  
And marched out FOREMOST at his country's call.

On this path is the grave of Joseph Bartlett, who died in 1703:

Thousands of years after blest Abel's fall,  
'Twas said of him. being dead he speaketh yet;  
From silent grave methinks I hear a call:—  
Pray, fellow mortals, don't your death forget.  
You that your eyes cast on this grave,  
Know you a dying time must have.

Near the same place is a curious stone, to the memory of John Cotton:

Here lyes interred three children, viz , three sons of  
REV. MR. JOHN COTTON, who died in the work  
of the gospel ministry at Charleston,  
South Carolina, Sept. ye 18th, 1869,  
where he had great success, and seven sons of Josiah Cotton  
Esq., who died in their infancy.

On the southerly slope of the hill, near a little pine grove, is a stone to a child.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

On the westerly slope of the hill, near the corner of the school-house yard, is a stone worth viewing for the elaborate cutting of a form resembling in features those of General Washington. It is to the memory of Thomas Spooner.

Near here is a stone in memory of Andrew Farrell, owner and master of the brig Hibernia which was wrecked in this harbor, and the captain and seven seamen lost, January 28, 1805.



Another stone near this locality refers to Job vii.: 8, 9, 10.

On a stone to the memory of Thomas Jackson died in 1794:

The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie.

MARTHA COTTON, 1786.

Many years I lived,  
Many painful scenes I passed,  
Till God at last  
Called me home.

In a long lot, enclosed with an iron fence:

F. W. JACKSON, obit. Mch. 23, 1797, 1yr., 7 dys.

Heaven knows what man  
He might have made. But we  
He died a most rare boy.

FANNIE CROMBIE.

As young as beautiful! and soft as young,  
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay.

WILLIAM KEENE.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;  
Calmly he looked on either life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret or there to fear;  
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,  
Thanked Heaven that he had lived and that he died.

On the path by the fence in the rear of the hill

The father and the children dead,  
We hope to Heaven their souls have fled.  
The widow now alone is left,  
Of all her family bereft  
May she now put her trust in God,  
To heal the wound made by his rod.

On a stone raised to the memory of a young child:

He listened for awhile to hear  
 Our mortal griefs; then tun'd his ear  
 To angel harps and songs, and cried  
 To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died.

A little farther on in this path is the stone to Tabitha Plasket, 1807. The epitaph on which, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention:

Adieu, vain world, I've seen enough of thee;  
 And I am careless what thou sayest of me;  
 Thy smiles I wish not,  
 Nor thy frowns I fear,  
 I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skeins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits, and hang them upon nails. A suspended row was a ludicrous sight.

Mr. Joseph Plasket (husband of Tabitha) died in 1794, at the age of forty-eight years. The widow wrote his epitaph as follows:

All you that doth behold my stone,  
 Consider how soon I was gone.  
 Death does not always warning give,  
 Therefore be careful how you live.  
 Repent in time, no time delay'  
 I in my prime was called away.

Nearly opposite this is one on a very young child:

The babe that's caught from womb and breast,  
 Claim right to sing above the rest,  
 Because they found the happy shore  
 They never saw or sought before.

## SUMMER RESORTS.

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As this path comes out on the brow of the hill,  
near a white fence, is a stone to Elizabeth Savery,  
1831:

Remember me as you pass by  
As you are now, so once was I;  
As I am now, so you will be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me.

There are two stones on the hill with this  
epitaph:

MOSES BUSH, 1807.

Strangers and friends, while you gaze on my urn,  
Remember death will call you in your turn:  
Therefore prepare to meet your God on high,  
When he rides glorious through the upper sky.

Going towards the main entrance, along the top  
of the hill:

This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which  
she did.

Death but entombs the body.  
Life the soul:  
Hers' was the meekness of the rising morn.

POLLY HOLMES, 1794.

Death is a debt to nature due,  
Which I have paid and so must you.

In a line with the Spring Street entrance, near  
the Cushman monument:

ISAAC EAMES COBB, 1789.

Possessed he talents ten, or five or one,  
The work he had to do, that work was done;  
Improv'd his mind, in wisdom's ways he trod,  
Reluctant died, but died resigned to God.

RUTH BARTLETT, 1802.

Weep not for me,  
But weep for yourselves.

The Rambler among Plymouth's ancient streets will find the dark, old Carver-Mitchel, Stevens and Leach houses, all built before the year 1680, the monument on Training Green commemorating the Plymouth soldiers who died in the late civil war. Pilgrim Springs, where the fair Priscillas of the forlorn village came for water in those dreary winter days when the sturdy Pilgrims were beset on every side with dangers, famine, pestilence and the savages. Many other localities are connected with interesting events in that time, or with legends of the remote and romantic past.

Another locality which the tourist should visit is the National Monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, on Allerton street, a vast pile of carved granite crowned by a very impressive statue of Faith, forty feet high and the largest stone figure in the world. This magnificent work of art cost thirty thousand dollars and was presented by the Hon. Oliver Ames, a native of Plymouth. The corner stone of the monument was laid August 2, 1859, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of the State of Massachusetts. It was designed by Hammat Billings of Boston. The base of the monument was placed in position in the summer of 1876, and a year later the great statue of Faith was placed in position. The total height of the monument, which is said to be the finest piece of granite statuary in the world, is eighty-one feet. The plan of the principal pedestal is octagonal, with four large and four small faces. From the small faces project four buttresses or



**National Monument to the Forefathers.**

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wing pedestals, on each of which will be a seated figure, emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth. The first is Morality, holding the Decalogue in her left hand, and the scroll of Revelation in her right; her look is upward toward the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above; in a niche on one side of her throne is a prophet, and in the other, one of the Evangelists; the second of these figures to be Law: one side Justice; on the other Mercy. The third will be Education: on one side Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, youth led by Experience. The fourth figure is to be Freedom: on one side, Peace rests under its protection; on the other, Tyranny is overthrown by its power. Upon the faces of these projecting pedestals are to be alto-reliefs, representing scenes from the history of the Pilgrims: the departure from Delft Haven; the signing of the Social Compact; the landing at Plymouth; and the first treaty with the Indians. On each of the four faces of the main pedestal is a large panel with records. That in front contains the general inscriptions of the monuments, viz: "National Monument to the Forefathers. Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty," The right and left panels contain the names of those who came over in the Mayflower. The rear panel is plain, to have an inscription at some future day.

Turning our backs for a time on rocks and relics, on memorials and monuments, on ancient streets

and "traditional stones," let us direct our steps into Nature's retreats. Here, perhaps, after all, we will see more of Plymouth as it was in the days of the forefathers than is possible to find elsewhere. Within the borders of the town are over forty thousand acres of woodland, much of which is the same primitive wilderness that was trodden by the Pilgrims.

The territory of Plymouth is irregular in "lay out," the town being eighteen miles long and from four to nine miles wide, the coast line including, as the result of numerous indentations and tortuous windings, nearly double the length above mentioned. For physical features, the land is broken in outline and rolling in every part, being heaped up in quick succeeding hills and ranges, like the billows of the ocean in a strong tideway, this conformation affording situations for numerous ponds and lakelets, hundreds of which are to be found within the town limits, their clear waters, usually white-sanded shores and bottoms, rendering them attractive features, to say nothing of the stores of fine fish with which many of them are stocked, either naturally or by artificial methods. The forests are ancient and primeval, sometimes extending for miles without a break save where great fires have devastated, and showing neither building nor clearing in evidence that man ever brought the region under subjection. Within the past decade as many as two hundred deer have been killed in these and the adjacent woods of Sandwich during a single year, and not a season passes

that sportsmen or sojourners do not see specimens of this noble game in these locations. Skirting the lakes and ponds and winding over and among the hills, innumerable roads thread, well-defined and hardened by the usage of nearly three centuries, and affording the most beautiful drive-ways imaginable. Delightful ocean views are obtained from the summits of hill-tops extending for miles inland, and outlooks over fair sections of hill and dale, with water-bits shimmering and glistening in the picture, so beautiful that sometimes the original Indian occupants of the land bestowed their most musically descriptive names to designate the sections or localities. Springs of purest water abound and bubble over on every side, often proving the sources of the finest ponds. Many of these sheets of water are embosomed in wild forests, in which the red deer, the eagle and the wood-duck still find a resting place.





# ONSET.

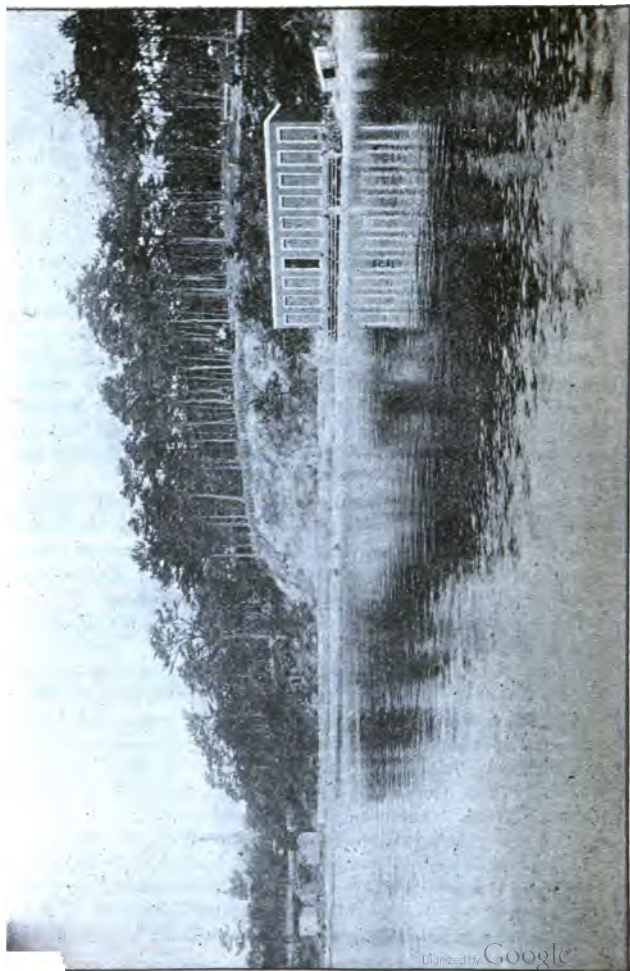
Onset Bay Grove is situated in the extreme southeast portion of Massachusetts, on the line of the Cape Cod Division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., at the head of the beautiful old Buzzards Bay. Its exquisite little land-locked harbor, its heavily wooded bluffs overlooking the sea, its unequalled facilities for boating, bathing and fishing, its lovely shore drives among the cottages of many of the best known men of the United States, make it without question the most beautiful summer resort on the New England Coast, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Onset can offer more natural attractions to those who desire to build a summer home than any resort on the Atlantic Coast. It lies within one hour of Boston, Brockton, Bridgewater, Middleboro, Taunton, New Bedford, and within two hours of a large number of the cities of Massachusetts.

It has eight hotels, varying in price to suit the means of all who may come.

Onset is the home of the famous Buzzards Bay Cat Yacht, and hundreds of them may be seen daily throughout the season racing or carrying gay parties of summer people on fishing or yachting excursions. Steam yachts and excursion steamers run constantly to New Bedford, Oak Bluffs, Gay Head, "Gray Gables" (the summer home of ex-President Cleveland), "Crow's Nest" (home of Joe Jefferson), and very many other points of interest about the shores of Buzzards Bay.

Onset has many fine bathing beaches, baths (public and private), and it is a remarkable fact that the waters of Buzzards Bay remain ten degrees higher in temperature than at any other bathing beach. This is an invaluable feature to invalids



BATING BEACH AT ONSET.

who are seeking sea baths. The shores are not affected by tides, and bathing may be enjoyed at any hour of the day.

The sanitary features of Onset are excellent. It has a natural drainage, a perfect system of water supply which comes to the spring of the Onset Water Works by filtration through miles of pure white sand. The purity of this water is remarkable, and it has been recommended by physicians as one of the purest of known waters.

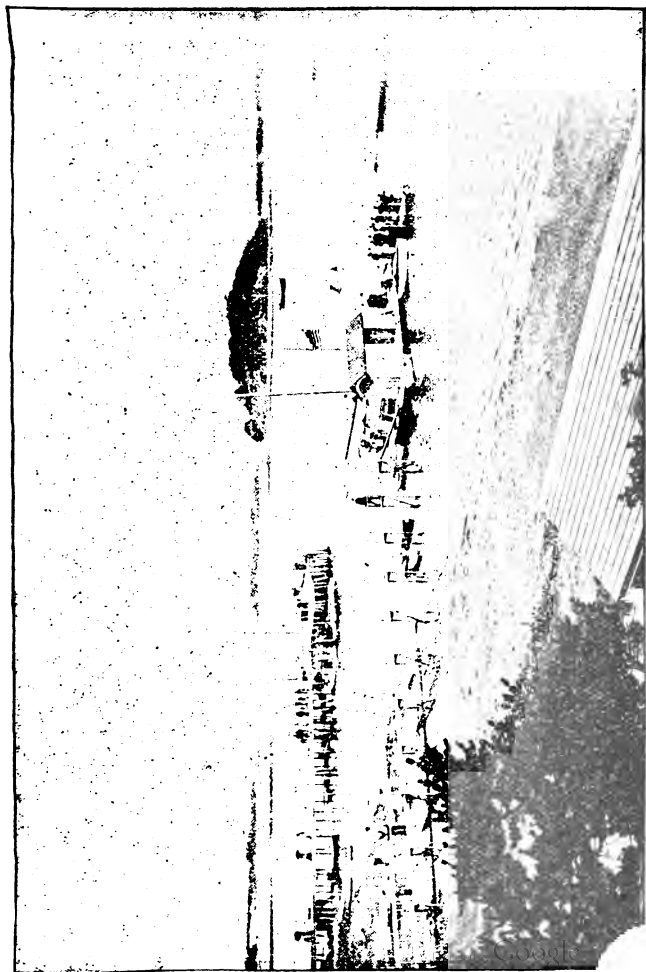
The facilities for boating at Onset are unsurpassed. No spot on the coast has such a variety of waters for the enjoyment of this best of all sports. The perfect little land-locked bay affords, in any weather, an opportunity for rowing, canoeing and boat sailing on smooth water, surrounded by scenery equal to that of the Thousand Islands, while passing out between the outer islands and the beautiful Agawam Neck, which lays like an outstretched protecting arm about the inner bay, we find ourselves in the open Buzzards Bay—far and away the finest body of water on the Atlantic Coast, the most famous fishing ground, and the most beautiful yachting waters in America.

There is no point on the eastern coast where the sport of yacht racing has reached such a degree of perfection—where the sport is so purely corinthian. Here some of the widest known gentlemen in business life come to shake off the cares of business on every Saturday afternoon throughout the season, takes the helm of his "half-rater," and contends with a hundred others for the prize offered by a popular yacht club. Often among these is seen the yacht of the ex-President of the Nation, and of many other well known and distinguished men.

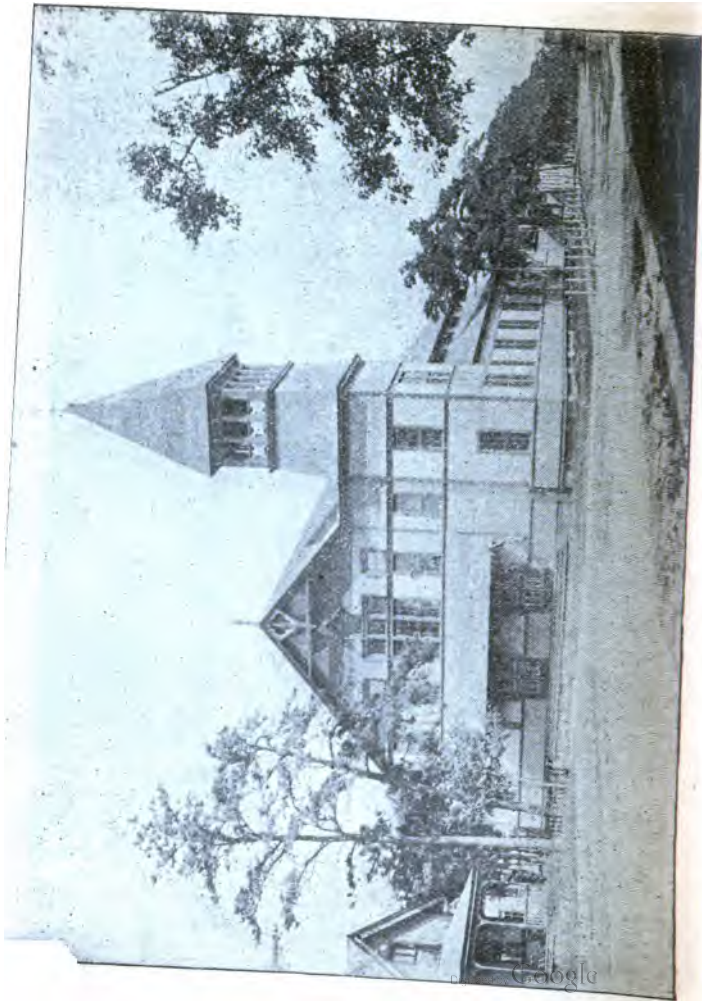
Onset abounds in good bathing beaches—one of the best being illustrated on the opposite page. Many of the cottages have private bathing houses. The waters of Onset Bay and of Buzzards Bay are ten degrees warmer than at any other New England seashore resort, and have been highly recommended by invalids on that account. Bathers can remain for a long time in the water without discomfort. Long before the white



THE DRIVE AT ONNET.



BEACH VIEW AT ONSET.



man found the value of this beautiful bathing spot, the various tribes of Indians sought the warm waters of Onset Bay for their various complaints and for the enjoyment of the sport. In the early history of the old colony Onset Bay was known as "Old Pan," signifying "a round and beautiful bathing place."

Onset Bay is par excellence the home of the fisherman. Around about its shores are scattered the beautiful summer residences of some of the most noted men of the age, including the ex-President of the United States, the most celebrated actor of the present time, Joseph Jefferson; editors, lawyers of note and many others, all drawn by the magical touch of nature that makes all the world akin—the fishing instinct.

Buzzards Bay is the only protected bay on the coast. Here no seines or pounds are allowed, and all fish taken must be taken with a hand line—a fisherman's paradise. The bay is constantly patrolled by the State Police Steamer, "Ocean Gem," to prevent all seining or impounding of fish, with the result that there is always a plentiful supply of Bass, Squeeteague, Scup, Tautaug, and that king of sporty fish, the Blue Fish.

Boats and yachts are always to be found at the wharves, with careful skippers, ready to start at a moment's notice for an hour, day or week's fishing. The skippers of Onset Bay have become famous for their skill as boatmen and fishermen.

The beautiful old town of Wareham, within the confines of which Onset lies, is fast becoming well known for its system of fine shell roads, made from the shells of its own famous oyster. Over thirty miles of this hard, beautiful driving is now in use, making the country a true delight to those who love driving or bicycle riding.

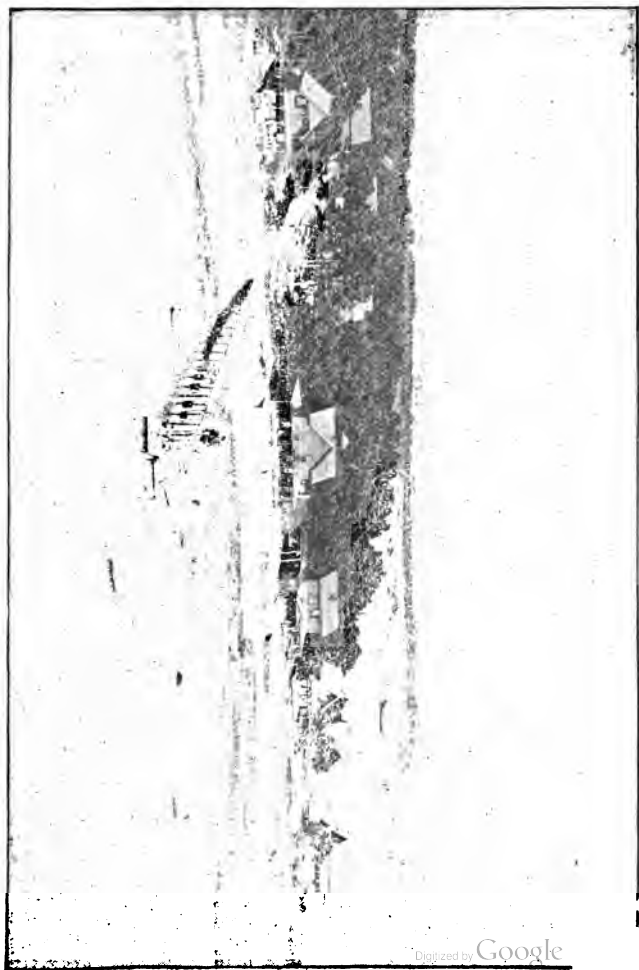
The shore drives to "Gray Gables," "Crow's Nest" and "Tempest Knob" are indescribably beautiful, with every moment a changing view; while the deep woodland ways of "Old Plymouth," to Glen Charlie (interesting as the favorite spot of

Daniel Webster), White Island Pond, Half-way pond, and many others, make an excursion for almost every day of the season. Plymouth Woods has over one hundred beautiful ponds, small and great, most of which abound in fish. A beautiful string of trout are often seen about Onset from "over yonder."

The scenery about Onset is lovely beyond comparison, and must be seen to be appreciated. The long sweeps of curving shores, its high and heavily wooded bluffs, the numerous beautiful little islands scattered about the bay, its coves and creeks, rivers and ponds, deep glens and sunny plains—all breathe a charm that brings the chance visitor back again and again. It is useless to expatiate upon the beautiful scenery of Onset; description cannot do it justice. But this one feature alone, whether it be for the transient guest or the summer home-seeker who will build his little summer home, will in the future make it the most delightful and popular summer resort on the New England Coast.

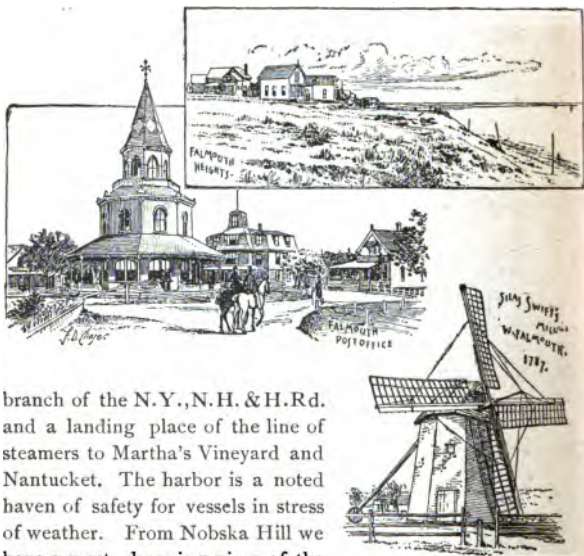
Hotel facilities at Onset are of the very best, and furnish board to suit the means of everyone. Some are large, accommodating hundreds of guests, while there are many little cosy houses where those in search of quiet and home comforts can be suited. All are delightfully situated, having large and broad verandas, in full view of the bay with its ever varying scenes.





## FALMOUTH.

As a quiet place of rest and recreation, the town of Falmouth has few rivals on our coast. It is sixty-eight miles from Boston. Situated on a promontory forming the extreme southern point of the town is Wood's Holl, the southern terminus of this



branch of the N.Y., N.H. & H.Rd. and a landing place of the line of steamers to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. The harbor is a noted haven of safety for vessels in stress of weather. From Nobska Hill we have a most charming view of the

Sound, of the Vineyard shore, of Tisbury Hills and of the Elizabeth Islands. From the same standpoint, looking northward across the neck of land, the whole stretch of Buzzard's Bay is before us. The principal village of Falmouth, a beautiful hamlet nestling in a valley half a mile from the station, is near the crescent-

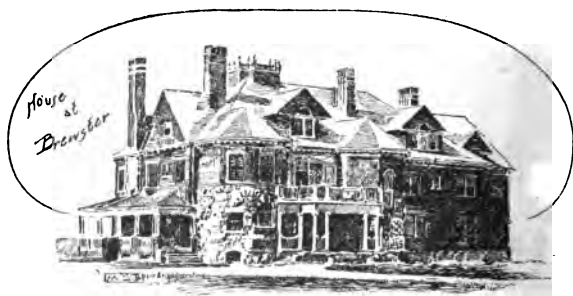
shaped beach on the southern shore, which extends from the landing to Nobska lighthouse. About one mile from the village in a southern direction is Falmouth Heights, one of the most delightful resorts bordering on Vineyard Sound, reached by carriage from Falmouth station. Here we find, most emphatically, a fashionable watering place, combined with a delightful and inexpensive retreat for a summer's sojourn, a week's recreation, or a day's pastime.

The scenery, whether maritime or inland, is romantic and charming. Southward is a marine highway with its hundreds of moving objects,—the white sails and the deep-laden steamers of commerce passing east and west; pleasure boats innumerable skimming from headland to head-



land, or coasting from shore to shore; a white-hulled steamer is shooting out from Wood's Holl on our right, or rounding East Chop on the opposite shore and heading toward us. The view is grand, interesting and instructive. There are hotels at the Heights, and the place, owing to its excellent facilities for boating, bathing, and other health-giving pastimes is rapidly filling with summer cottages. Turning our backs on sea-shore a

Sound, we have forest and plain before us on either hand. The roads for miles around are exceedingly hard and level, and bordered on right and left with oak and other forest trees. Here are miles of the finest drives through dense foliage, which completely shade the generally narrow avenues. Taking a carriage in Falmouth Village or at the Heights for a short drive eastward, around the heads of the numerous ponds extending along the shore, we reach East Falmouth, where, running in a southerly direction, is a broad and straight avenue of two miles, skirting Bowen's and Eel ponds, and leading to Menauhant, a new watering place bordering on the Sound.

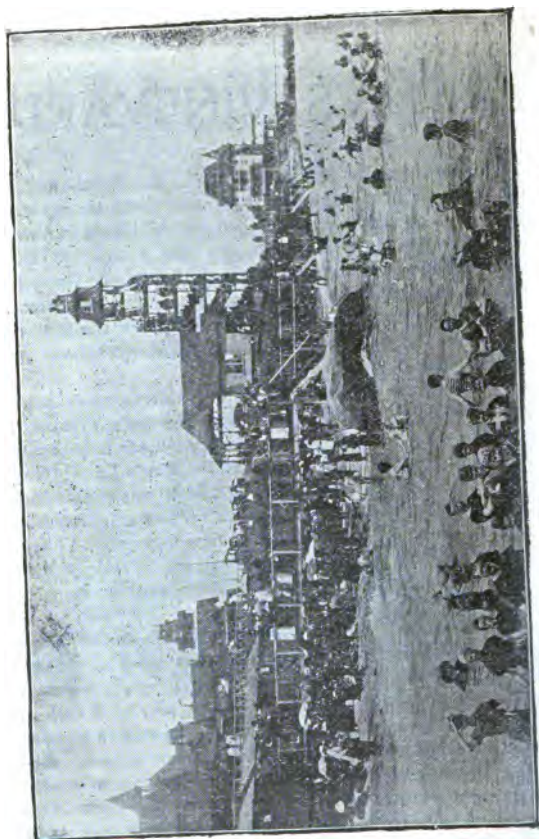


# MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

In the spring season of the year 1602 Captain Bartholomew Gosnold engaged in a cruise in Northern Atlantic waters, along the coasts of that section of country which afterwards came known as New England. In the course of this cruise—or of these explorations, for such they were—Gosnold made several landfalls upon different portions of the coasts, marking his mark upon many of these points in the way of names for their localities, which in many instances have remained distinctive of them ever since.

It was in the course of these explorations that this navigator discovered the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. In reality, the first landing which Gosnold made hereabouts was upon a small island now known as No Man's Land, lying upon the south coast of the larger island; and it was to this islet that he first applied the name of Martha's Vineyard, although it was at that time but little better than a barren sand heap, with few natural attractions of any kind, and certainly with none which would justify the somewhat pretentious name of Martha's Vineyard."

Pursuing his investigations he soon landed upon the larger island, where he found an entirely different state of things, for here he discovered lakes, ponds and streams of purest fresh water, green bushes bearing delicious berries of various kinds, a plentiful tree growth from which descended fruitful vines, and birds and wild animals animating the section. Remaining in the neighborhood at that time about three weeks, before leaving for other parts, he transferred the name Martha's Vineyard from No Man's Land to the larger island; and this name the latter has retained ever since, provoking at

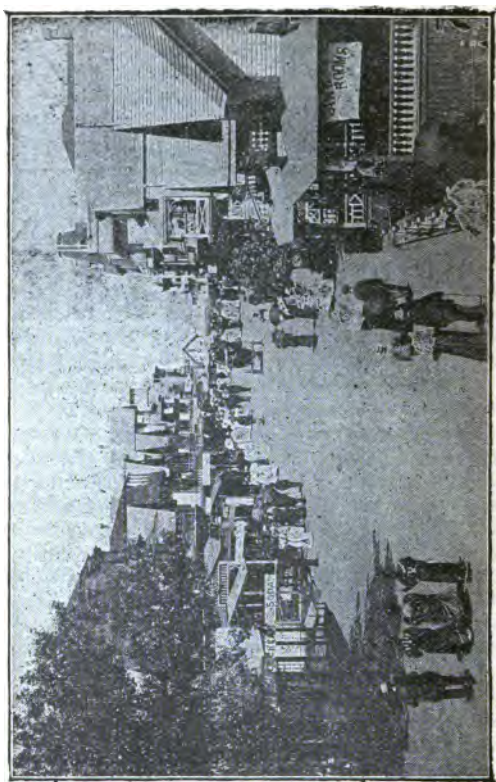


various times discussions and apochryphal accounts regarding its origin, which Gosnold's clear narrative ought to have set at rest from the very beginning. As usual, however, the Indians had been beforehand with the white explorers, and their name for this island, even before the energetic Gosnold felt called upon to christen it, was "Capawock."

So much for the original discovery of the islands off South-eastern Massachusetts, which have since become celebrated in so many ways. Belonging by right of discovery to the country out from which the discoverer came, they were all afterwards included in a grant of lands to the Duke of York, and in this way, in the course of time, became connected with New York. At that time they were altogether grouped as "Duke's County." In 1692 they were reannexed to Massachusetts; and in 1695 Martha's Vineyard, with the Elizabeth Islands and No Man's Land, was separated from Nantucket, the Vineyard and the last named islands retaining the name and constituting the limits of the new Duke's County.

The first settlement in this county, so far as is known, was that of Thomas Mayhew at Edgartown in 1642. Undoubtedly, however, the Indians, as was usual in this part of the world, had been beforehand with the whites in peopling these sections. In the War of the Revolution the shipping of these islands was very nearly destroyed, and many of the inhabitants were taken prisoners and suffered long confinement in British prison ships. Aside from these incidental hardships, the course of time has run very smoothly with the Duke's County islands from the beginning; nor do the changes that have taken place in their communities, population and material interests represent any great increase in the volume of these departments for very many decades past.

Martha's Vineyard lies about eight miles off the southern Cape Cod coast, and is divided from the latter by a "reach" of ocean that forms a natural highway for shipping of every kind, as well as a watery expanse charming through its associ-



CIRCUIT AVENUE, COTTAGE CITY.



ations with the most beautiful shores. This celebrated island long since became a noted summering place, and its fame has extended to the uttermost parts of the country. Its connection with one of the most important religious establishments of the land, which since 1835 has utilized its beautiful situations for summer camp-meeting purposes, has also added to its reputation. Without doubt, had not this been the case, the island would have become celebrated as a watering place, its beautiful natural features, ocean surroundings and excellent sanitary conditions rendering it impossible that the place should have been overlooked in the search for summer haunts.

Upon the island of Martha's Vineyard there are five towns—Chilmark, Cottage City, Edgartown, Tisbury and Gay Head. Scattered here and there upon its surface are little hamlets, seldom rising to the dignity of villages even; indeed, Gay Head itself is scarcely more than one of these. The island is upwards of twenty-five miles in length from north to south, and about ten miles wide in its broadest part.

The "Vineyard," as the island is familiarly called, does not differ largely in conformation or physical features from its neighbor, Nantucket; but it has more territory, and, being nearer the mainland, has not that isolated quality which characterizes the last named locality. Some of the most famous roadsteads—Holmes' Hole, Vineyard Sound, etc.—are among its surrounding waters, and its neighboring small islands are fair spots of earth displaying the finest verdure and foliage in the summer months, and inviting always to the delights of camping and exploration.

Whatever of excellence of climate or sanitary conditions any of the localities of this region can boast are enjoyed to the fullest degree on Martha's Vineyard. Owing to the peculiar conformation and the extent of this island it has many natural landing places for shipping; and as a haven for yacht, or in fact any kind of sailing, fleets, it has no superior in the Northern Atlantic waters. Its ocean outlooks in every part

are of the finest ; and for what may be styled purely marine pleasures—boating, sailing and the occupations which arise out of a constant visitation on every side of numberless sea craft—it has no equal on our coasts. Vineyard Haven is a natural harbor of refuge, and here, during head winds or “stress of weather,” hundreds of vessels are sometimes found for days together, awaiting more favorable circumstances. their crews meanwhile helping to make matters lively on shore and materially adding to the numbers of the transient population.

And as the waters round about Martha's Vineyard present the finest and most acceptable highways for yachting and boating, so the gently rolling grounds of the island and its long reaches of level country offer the most excellent drives, the adjuncts of which are peculiar to the place, which almost in every part is in full view of the ocean. Every breeze which prevails here must of necessity be tempered by ocean influences, and the summer winds are deliciously cool and invigorating, even while only a few miles inland on the mainland the most enervating heats are prevailing. The sail from the wharf at Wood's Hole to the landing at the Bluffs is only seven miles of distance, and various points of land lie about on every hand, offering fairest rewards and enjoyments for excursionists, and variety for the enterprising and energetic summer sojourner.

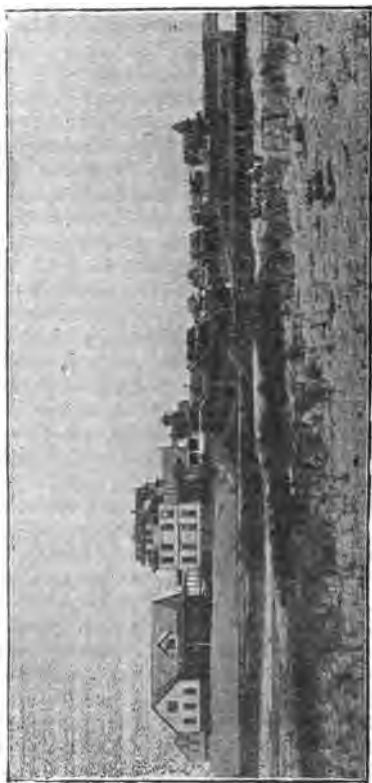
Upon a well chosen and marvellously attractive site of this island exists one of the most wonderful of community centres—Cottage City ! This name is descriptive, as far as it goes, but it tells nothing, suggests nothing of more than one of the distinguishing features of the place—and it has many more noble and significant than that thus revealed.

Cottage City has upwards of twelve hundred cottages within its borders. Is there need for further seeking to discover why the place has its peculiar name ? These cottages are in every variety and form of design and construction, as they minister to the needs and wants of every grade of society membership. From the lordly palace-cottage, fitted for the

occupancy of a millionaire Governor of the Commonwealth, and the ornate, many gabled clubhouse, sheltering the representatives of wealth and luxury from many centres, to the humble, tent-roofed cot of the camp-meeting pilgrim, every kind and description of summer dwelling is included within the house provision of Cottage City.

These cottages are planted with a charming disregard of the rules of exact methods and plans. There is all sufficient of orderly arrangement, and but little defiance of common sense and the proprieties as applied to community establishment. Streets and avenues and parks there are in abundance, and these succeed and supplement each other with that sort of regularity that is observable in the older of sections of Boston, where, it is said, the original cowpaths of the earlier population were enlarged and developed into city thoroughfares in process of time. In Cottage City there is absolutely nothing of the "checker board" layout, the mathematical precision with regard to the settling of highways, that, it may be admitted, constitutes the principal charm of some modern city establishments, that have no other claim to attractiveness or pleasing characteristics.

The compactness of this city by the sea is one of its wonderful characteristics, and yet there is nothing of closeness or crowding attaching to the situation, and thereby aiding the conceit of "city" existence as applied to the locality. The whole establishment, so far as its individuality is concerned, is packed upon an area of a few hundred acres, and yet the stranger may—and almost inevitably will—lose himself within the first quarter hour after his setting out upon a voyage of discovery. The crooked, winding, rambling highways and byways are largely responsible for this result, and the feature turns out to be one of the most pleasing of any of the belongings of the place. A habit of building here has been to place, at irregular intervals and in the most unexpected locations, circles of cottages facing inward upon each other, while



**SUMMER INSTITUTE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.**

one road or pathway—it is often little more—that forms the highway leading through the section keeps straight forward, or winds through the otherwise isolated fragments of the site. The most singular effects and delusions are often thus produced, and these circles, with their one, two or three dozen cottage fronts looking into each other's faces, and their piazzas animated with every variety of specimen of humanity, except the lowest, present the most perfect revelations of the possibilities of community enterprise and the grouping of domestic establishments.

It is said that formerly, or in the past when Cottage City was founded, the tree growth of the neighborhood extended to the very edge of the bluffs overlooking the ocean waters. The visitor to Cottage City at the present time will discover no trace of this condition, however, and he will mayhap be forced to the comment that, while the bluffs neighborhood occupies the most commanding and beautiful ocean views, the absence of trees and vegetation is most singularly marked. But the most perfect compensation is at hand. There is not a watering place in the United States that possesses a tree growth so singularly, so marvellously beautiful and beneficial as does this same foundation of Cottage City. Scarcely two hundred yards back from the bluffs this peculiarity asserts itself. The trees are almost exclusively of oak of the red and white varieties; but their growth is so peculiar, so suited to beautifying the locality and to contrasting with all other present conditions, that it would seem that the Creator had set this seal to the selection of the spot for unusual devotional and worshipful performances. Except in the very centre of Trinity Park, where the grand Tabernacle holds place, the individual trees have not been removed in all the speculation and enterprise incident upon the planting of the modern city. The glory of the cottages, in all parts except upon the Bluffs line, consists in the overhanging, spreading, shading, protecting trees that rear in front of and shelter and bless almost every cottage

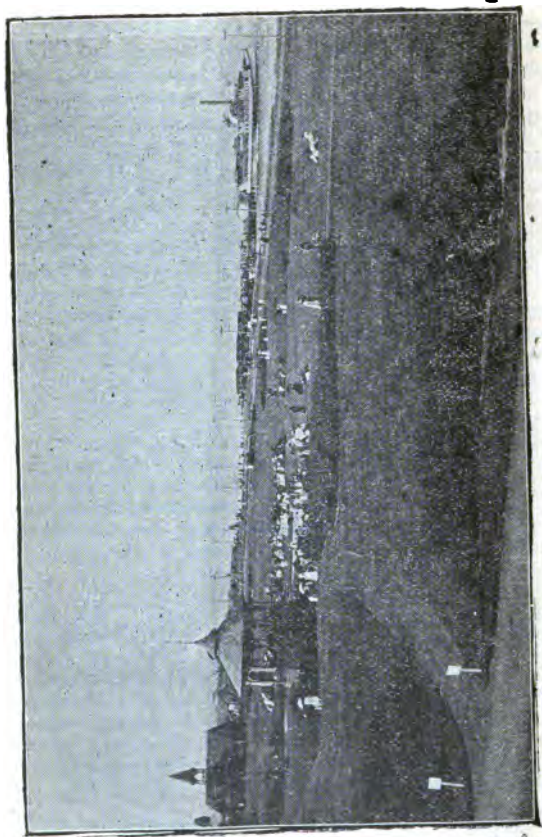
away from the ocean front Their trunks are from one to two feet through, gnarled and knotted and buried in most singular, often grotesque, formations. Their great limbs spread amazingly, with a vitality and far-reaching comprehensiveness of a work to perform that are suggested to every appreciative beholder. In their branches the summer birds nestle and busy themselves, and under their shade the summer residents<sup>8</sup> linger and rest — oh, how they rest! — themselves.

It is probable that the great majority of people who make reference by voice or pen to Martha's Vineyard are thinking when they do so, only of Cottage City, that place being the, grand centre of attractions and interests for the whole island, and, indeed, the summering centre, *par excellence*, of all the land and water thereabouts. Yet this township occupies but a moiety of the territory of Martha's Vineyard—a section only of an island beautiful in every part, and replete with fascinations within and without. Other portions of Martha's Vineyard are grandly attractive to the summer sojourner and visitor; and all the towns, villages and hamlets of the island have natural fascinations and delights of their own that render them desirable and supremely worthy the attention of the summer seeker. Edgartown, the shire town of the county, is about five and a half miles south on the coast from Cottage City. It is most delightfully situated on sheltered harbor waters that open on a picturesque bay, and is a quiet, dreamy old town—a relic of the days when the whale fisheries were active and at the height of their importance at Nantucket, New Bedford, Mattapoisett and hereabouts, and the whole coast was animate with the industries and flourishing with the prosperity that these pursuits engendered. Edgartown formerly included the whole section of the island upon which Cottage City and itself are now found, and its jurisdiction extended over the entire northeastern shore of the Vineyard. Edgartown has the only harbor upon the eastern coast of the island, Cottage City having none whatever,<sup>9</sup> the latter lying,

so to speak, directly upon the ocean front and looking the Atlantic squarely in the face. The natural protection for the harbor of Edgartown is Chappaquiddick Island, which extends four or five miles north and south off the shores from the mouth of the harbor and along the eastern line of Katama Bay.

Katama is a short three miles south from Edgartown. A peculiarity of the place is that the Gulf Stream runs nearer to its shore than to any other along the Atlantic coast. Katama Bay is the southern outlet of the waters of Edgartown harbor, extending for a few miles in the direction indicated, and between the Vineyard and Chappaquiddick shores, to a junction with the ocean. On the charts the place is called Cotamy Bay, and the headland which holds the Katama establishment is set down as Cotamy point. From this point, away up to the outlet of Edgartown Harbor, the bay is of singularly uniform width. The scenery is thoroughly marine in all its features, and is interesting chiefly from this fact. For bathing no beaches in New England can equal these Katama shores, the waters being perfectly still, safe and of high temperature. For boating and bathing purposes the element of perfect safety is here secured for women and children. In these neighborhoods, too, are found some of the most noted fishing grounds of the Vineyard waters.

About one and one-half miles in a direct line, still south, from Edgartown, and about four or five miles from the same place by following the winding shores, is South Beach. South Beach is to Martha's Vineyard what Surfside is to Nantucket; that is, it is the locality where the rolling surf may be seen under conditions of grandeur and impressiveness seldom attending upon such natural exhibitions. Even at ordinary times, when the waves only ripple upon the shores between Cottage City and Edgartown, and when the waters of Katama Bay are smooth as a mill pond, the surf shows an angry, threatening front at South Beach, and its baritone may be heard far within the sandy natural fortresses that frown



OCEAN PARK, COTTAGE CITY.



upon its encroachments. But when the south winds are blowing fresh, and especially when a "south-easter" musters its forces and attacks all along the line, "sublime" and "magnificent" are terms all too tame to be used in description of the ensuing scenes.

On the north or northwestern shores of the island is found ancient Tisbury, reaching far inland from the coasts bordering on the Holmes' Hole waters, until it spreads its largest and fairest village of Vineyard Haven along the shores of the natural harbor of refuge at the extreme north of the island, which gives this village its name. Vineyard Haven and Lagoon Pond separate the territories of Tisbury and Cottage City in the midst of the island, while Edgartown and Chilmark form the southern and western Tisbury boundaries. The drives in every part of this section of the island are numerous and extremely attractive; while streams and great and small bodies of fresh and salt water, in the shape of ponds and lakelets, furnish most entertaining fisheries for the initiated.

Vineyard Haven is a most beautiful village, finely situated on extended side-hills sloping gently to the waters of the harbor, surrounded by forest growths, and having large store of shade and cultivated trees along its streets and within its borders. The place is very attractive in summer time, and one never tires of ranging over it. Tashmoo Spring, in the woods near by, furnishes adequate supply of purest water for the village. The harbor is always an animated place, every description of vessel, from the stately "liner" and lordly yacht to the coal barge and the market fisherman's punt, being exhibited here. As a "harbor of refuge," the haven has often many hundreds of vessels anchored within its waters at one time. In the late summer the vessels of the great yacht clubs of the country frequently rendezvous here, their crews and companies making things as lively and interesting on shore as their craft render the water scenes picturesque and fascinating.

A fine road, running along the side-hill and following the shore of the haven and the outside Sound, leads from

Vineyard Haven to West Chop, the latter the headland forming the northeast extremity of the town, and the northernmost point of the island. In recent years West Chop has been taken possession of by a wealthy Boston syndicate, which has established here a miniature summer resort, with the finest buildings, appliances and appurtenances, which bids fair to become at no distant day a full-fledged watering place of the most exalted character.

At the opposite extremity of the island—its western and southerly end—is the town of Gay Head. Gay Head is in communication with the towns at the other extreme of the island, but the ride thither over the island roads is not usually considered easy or interesting. Its whole territory contains only about 2,400 acres, naturally as bare of tree growth as the Rock of Gibraltar, although by planting and assiduous care of late years a few acres of oak, beech and walnut trees have been coaxed into existence. The town takes its name from the fantastic cliff at its western extremity, the "Gay Head" that has been known to many generations of wondering admirers, and which rises sheer and clear almost perpendicularly to a height of 134 feet above the sea. Upon this wild cliff is the finest lighthouse on the American coast, its lantern 173 feet above the water.

The name of this interesting section is derived from its geological formation, no less than "twenty-three bright-colored bands of clay, sand, and conglomerate lignite and iron ore being presented on the face of the cliff within four-fifths of a mile. The clays are white, blood-red, dull-red, yellow and green." To the vessels that have occasion to cruise off this point, to excursionists approaching it from seaward, and to visiting humanity investigating its wonders, the face of this cliff is a revelation, indeed.

The town was incorporated only about twenty-seven years since, or in 1870. Quite a number of the Indian descendants of its original population still remain as inhabitants of the place. This section is usually reached by visitors by excursions from Cottage City, or some of

the mainland points from New Bedford to Cape Cod, in summer time.

The summer visitation to Martha's Vineyard is to every section of its habited portions, but chiefly, as a matter of course, to Cottage City, where every provision has been made for the reception of the sojourner, or the guest of a day or night, and for the employment and enjoyment of all comers, no matter what their condition or how long or short their stay. With Cottage City as a headquarters, all other sections of the island are easily and pleasantly reached; so that this place is a centre of delights and experiences such as few resorts can present, even in favored New England.

The first establishment of Martha's Vineyard as a summering place took place far within the present century, and an humble, unpretentious camp-meeting was the medium through which the influences began to work that have resulted in Cottage City and its summer life and attributes.

Previous to the advent of this camp-meeting the point of the island now occupied by Cottage City was a wilderness waste. A dwarfed but sturdy tree growth then gave the name "Oak Bluffs" to the locality, a portion of which still bears that cognomen; but of dwellings, or clearings, or any of the attributes of individual or community establishment, there were none. The wild grasses waved over the scantily covered sand plains that constitute the soil of the section, and the berry branches and vines nodded to each other on the slightly inclined hillside, their annual crops untouched and unnoticed by any harvesters save birds and insects. Upon the shores there were no wharves or artificial landing places, and the mariner cruising up and down the great highway opposite regarded the place as rather to be shunned than sought, and was glad when, in bad weather, he had passed its cliff coast in safety.

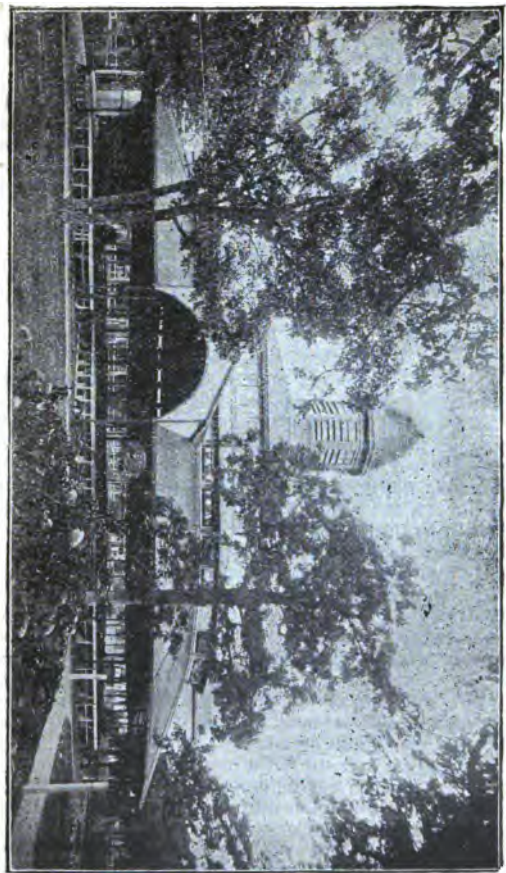
But the beauty of the situation, the grandeur of its ocean surroundings and outlooks, and the healthfulness of its climate, had not entirely escaped the notice of man. The qualifications it presented as a summer s-

journing place were thrust too plainly into the faces of all visitors to be quite disregarded, and in the course of time its claims were sure to receive recognition.

The first camp-meeting held here took place in August, 1835, and since that date to the present time hardly a year has passed without a successor of that assemblage upon the same grounds. The members of this pioneer establishment laid out the plat, cleared the underbrush, and perfected the proportions of what has now for many years been known as Trinity Park. From that time forward ministers and men of note appeared at the yearly meetings, as participants or visitors, and the institution speedily attained wide notoriety. There are some cottage owners and regular visitors to the Cottage City of the present day whose dwellings occupy the same spots upon the camp ground that were covered by their tents forty, or even fifty, years ago. Grace Chapel, in Trinity Park, now stands upon the very spot once occupied by Father Taylor's Bethel tent.

In those days getting to camp-meeting was not the simple and easy matter that it is at the present time. In the early days the parties came in vessels to points opposite the shore of what is now Eastville, over against Vineyard Haven; or, sometimes their crafts were anchored near the shore where now stand the Oak Bluffs and Highlands wharves. The passengers were brought to the shore on rafts, and when the rafts struck the ground in the surf lines stalwart fellows waded off from the sands and carried the women and children ashore on their backs, or in their arms, performing the same service for the men when desired. Of course, there was a good deal of nervousness about such performances, and ludicrous or exciting events were not lacking. A few ox teams constituted the sole transportation services of the neighborhood.

For many years after the establishment of this camp-meeting not a building raised its ridge pole in all this section, save only the rough shed erected for the preacher's stand. The members of the meeting were lodged in tents, arranged in a circle precisely as are the



METHODIST TABERNACLE, COTTAGE CITY.

cottages in Trinity Park at the present day. The great Tabernacle now in the centre of that part occupies the site of the original preacher's stand.

The tents were carpeted with heavy layers of straw, easily removed after use, and affording sufficient protection from the ground damps. A partition ran through the tent lengthwise, and upon the straw the occupants usually slept, the men upon one side, the women upon the other, of the partition. Everybody attended the meeting, and any or every tent was liable to become a meeting place at any hour of the day or evening. The ministers lived in the shed that formed the preacher's stand.

The camp-meeting, vastly changed in its methods and appliances, still exists as a principal feature of the summer life at Cottage City, and the natural beauties and attractions of this place, and of the Vineyard, remain as when fresh from the hand of the Creator. Old Trinity Park, beautiful through its matchless grove and situation, and glorified by associations that signify something more than a remarkable page in New England history, is still a most delightful central feature in the community enterprise here. Oak Bluffs and the Highlands, and all the sections that individual and social enterprise have developed and brightened, are progressing in the spirit of the age and day, and only enhance a situation upon which Nature has lavished the best of her store.

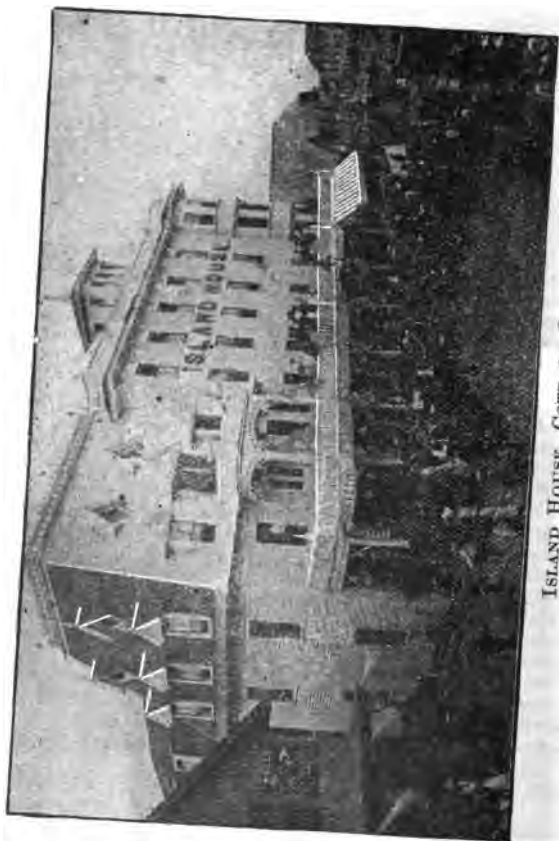
That wealthy men have spent much money within and upon Cottage City is undeniable, but these disbursements have not been made to build up a watering place for the rich, or to render exclusive a colony of wealth hereabouts. The outlay has been put where it can be seen, and it may and does speak for itself. The forty miles of concreted walks and driveways, acres of ornate cottages and public and private buildings, the fine music and festivals, races and tournaments, of every summer, and especially the incomparable spring water, coursing in every nook and corner of this city of cottages, these, and such as these, are the objects for which wealth and influence have been lavished in Cottage City, and all grades

of citizenship have been interested in the enterprise.

As to the sports and pastimes of boating, bathing and fishing, the Vineyard stands in the forefront among summer resorts with relation to these employments. The bathing beaches of Cottage City are of the same class with those of Newport, Narragansett Pier, Cape May, and all the well-known establishments of this kind known up and down the Atlantic coast. Great pains and expense have been incurred here to utilize fully this grand natural provision. As to the visiting sailing craft, there is not a yacht in the North Atlantic waters that does not know how pleasant and desirable a thing it is to make a landfall at the Vineyard, nor hardly a yachtsman who does not so arrange his cruising as to ensure an occasional run ashore at Cottage City. In August, usually, of each year occurs in the Vineyard waters a grand regatta of the New York Yacht Club—an event that interests far and wide.

This island may be called the central point around which are grouped great numbers of the finest fishing grounds known to ocean waters. As for bluefishing—that combination of the two sports, fishing and sailing—it is fair to say that it exists in perfection off the Vineyard shores. The very best bluefish grounds off Massachusetts, and perhaps the best to be found anywhere, are along the west side of Muskegat Channel, near the shore lying south from Edgartown. Muskegat Island lies about seven miles from the Vineyard shores, and through the interval between this island and the Vineyard runs the channel that gives name to the locality, the main channel being close along the Vineyard coast. These internal waters and all the neighborhoods of Muskegat are filled with shoals, “grounds” and “rips”—all of them good and available bluefish haunts. The area covered by the surfaces indicated in the foregoing is from four to five miles in length, by two miles in breadth.

Cape Poge is the easternmost point of Martha's Vineyard and the nearest land to Nantucket, and is distant from the Cottage City wharves about seven miles. Soon after rounding this Cape the fisherman will find him-



ISLAND HOUSE, COTTAGE CITY.



on the Muskegat "territory," and among the shoals and rips aforesaid. If he is bent upon the very finest fishing, he will run over the "Shark Ground," "Tom Shoal" and other attractive localities to Wasque Point, probably finding something of interest and profit in all these places, and, perhaps, if wind and tide both serve, making a "strike" that will entirely satisfy him without further seeking. But, if he cruises from Wasque Point to Skiff's Island, over a rip about a mile and a half in length and formed naturally for the delight of the bluefish, he will occupy the very finest fishing grounds of the region, as his success will probably prove.

The last three hours of the ebbing tide is the time to catch bluefish successfully—when the waters are running over the shoals and indicating their hurry in the curling rips that mark the boundaries of the just hidden grounds that check their progress. The first waters of the ebb tide find the waters murky and foul, filled with seagrass and debris and the results from the reversal of the flowing. But for the last half of the ebb the waters are clear, and both fish and fishermen are better pleased with these conditions.

But many other varieties than the bluefish are to be freely taken in Vineyard waters. On Squash Meadow Shoal, about two miles off the Oak Bluffs Shore, there are some fine scup and rock bass grounds, and there is good fishing for these kinds, as well as for tautog and other varieties, on all sides of the northerly end of the island. For cod, trips must be made to Gay Head and the waters surrounding No Man's Land. The cruise is down the western shore of the island, and involves a sail of from twenty to thirty miles from Cottage City, but the fish will be found when one gets there. There are also cod to be caught about Mutton Shoal and the Outer Reef, in the Muskegat waters.

As to the details of daily life at the Vineyard or within Cottage City, the thousands of little acts and performances that make up each day's experiences and result in the delight and recreation of the sojourner—how

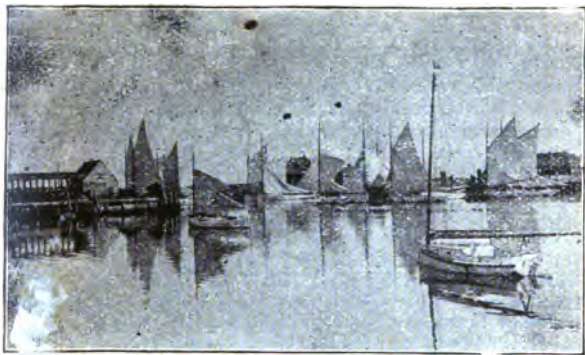
can these be presented in pen pictures? For women and children there is no summer resort in the country, save perhaps, Nantucket, that can equal the Vineyard stations, and especially Cottage City. The best, indeed the only, satisfactory way to test the merits of a place is to have personal experience of it, such only is involved in a visit to these shores. There are individuals and families who form a part of Cottage City's summer population who have not missed a single season of visitation here for thirty, thirty-five, and even for consecutive years. In general terms it is perfectly fair to say that whoever visits the Vineyard once will come again, and will probably be found using influence to induce friends and neighbors to follow his example. The permanent population of Cottage City—from six hundred to seven hundred persons—is augmented to ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or even more, in summer time, but there is room for all comers, delights and enjoyment for every mortal that seeks rest, pleasure and recreation upon Vineyard lands and waters, and satisfactory experiences that carry no sting or alloy for all who seek here communion with Nature, and a temporary forsaking of the cares of the world.



STEAMER GAY HEAD.



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## NANTUCKET.

" Far 'round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The venturesome Macy passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle,  
Drew up his boat at last.

. . . . .

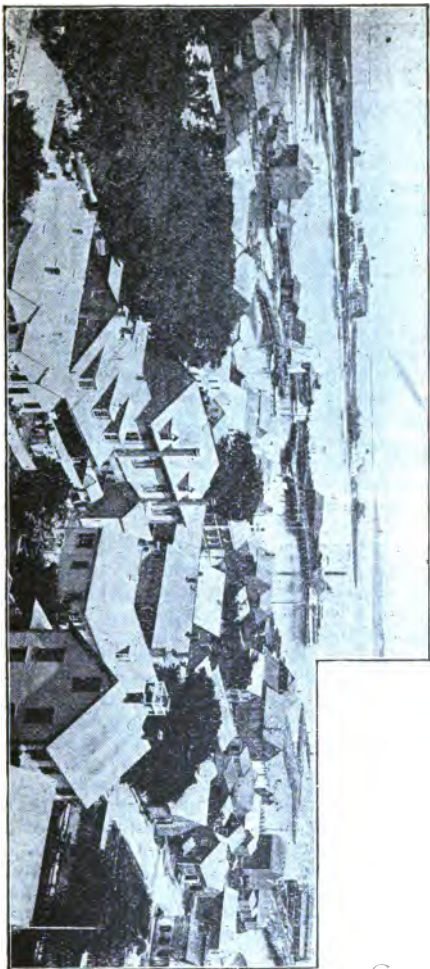
God bless the sea-beat island!—  
And grant forever more,  
That charity and freedom dwell,  
As now, upon her shore!"

Nantucket! the name has been known for generations, it may be said, for centuries, in every part of the United States, and has always been synonymous with and suggestive of glorious summer pastimes. Only thirty miles from the mainland, and dropped down like a beautiful haven of rest into the midst of the broad Atlantic. Here one may turn his back upon the busy world as effectually as though he had buried himself in an inland wilderness.

From Oak Bluffs to Nantucket is a delightful sail of a little over two hours. For only a short time the land on either side is out of sight. The approach to the island is a joy and a surprise. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated arrival of the steamers, it never seems to lose its novelty to the islander, and crowds throng to the wharf on every occasion. The town is a quaint, old place, quite unlike any other on the coast, its history dating back to 1635, when the "Plymouth Company" conveyed unto William, Earl of Sterling, Permaquid, and its dependencies on the coast of Maine, together with Long Island and the adjacent islands. In 1673, the Earl of Sterling made James Forret his agent for selling and settling the islands between Cape Cod and the Hudson River. In 1641, James Forret sold the island of Nantucket to Thomas Mayhew and his son Thomas, for "such an annual acknowledgment as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, the Elder, Esquire, or any other two magistrates of the Massachusetts Bay," etc.

The title of the island being also claimed by Sir Fernando Georges, the elder Mayhew purchased from Richard Vines, the agent of Georges, another conveyance of Nantucket and other islands. In 1659, Thomas Mayhew sold the island to nine others, Coffin, Macy, Hussey, Swain, Barnard, among them, names that are familiar ones in Nantucket at the present time, for the sum of £30 and two beaver hats.

The county of Nantucket includes the islands of Nantucket, Tuckernuck, Gravelly and Muskeget. The township is co-extensive with the limits of the county, and is the only town in Massachusetts that constitutes a county. Nantucket island is fifteen miles long, from east to west, with an average width of three miles, although the eastern shore will measure ten miles from its south-eastern corner at Siasconset, to the end of Great Point. The town proper is situated on the north side of the island, and has a fine harbor, extending nine miles inland in a north-easterly direction from the town, terminating in a basin, and about one mile in width, known as the head of the harbor, and affording pleasant boating and sailing



VIIW LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE TOWER.

for those who prefer the smooth waters rather than the dashing billows outside. The population of Nantucket at the present time is about four thousand. In 1840, its population was nearly ten thousand, and as a port of maritime importance, Nantucket ranked third on the list of Massachusetts, and in point of wealth per capita, was once the richest town in the state. It was the home of the whale fishery sure, and her white winged messengers carried her oleaginous products to the principal ports of the world, and brought back return cargoes, while others sailed into every sea in quest of the monsters of the deep, discovering new isles, and safe harbors in the remotest parts of the globe. No place in the southern continent, nor in the north seas, nor in the numerous islands of the ocean, where the foot of man has trod, that Nantucketers have not been. Of the many thousands "who went down to the sea in ships," and were brought up in the whaling business and who prospered in their day, but a few remain to tell the exploits of capturing the leviathan, or to count the profits of their daring adventures.

Nantucket was the pioneer in the whaling interests of the country, and formerly owned upward of three hundred vessels, many of them ships, devoted to that industry, and its wharves and docks were scenes of never-ending activity and enterprise. These were the days when the "Long Tom Coffins" and the unique characters which have distinguished her history and illustrated her peculiarities were in the height of their careers, and the contributions of Nantucket to the marine annals and literature of the world, are characteristic and to the last degree interesting. The flavor and the coloring of these early prosperous days and their pursuits, still remain; but the glory of the place as an aggressive, executive community, with ways and methods of its own originating, and interests carved out and managed for itself, have departed. No squared-rigged vessel—hardly, indeed, a vessel of any kind—now lies at its wharves, and only the fortunes, or their remnants, the manners and customs, and the remarkable traits which distinguished her people





SEA CLIFF INN, NANTUCKET.

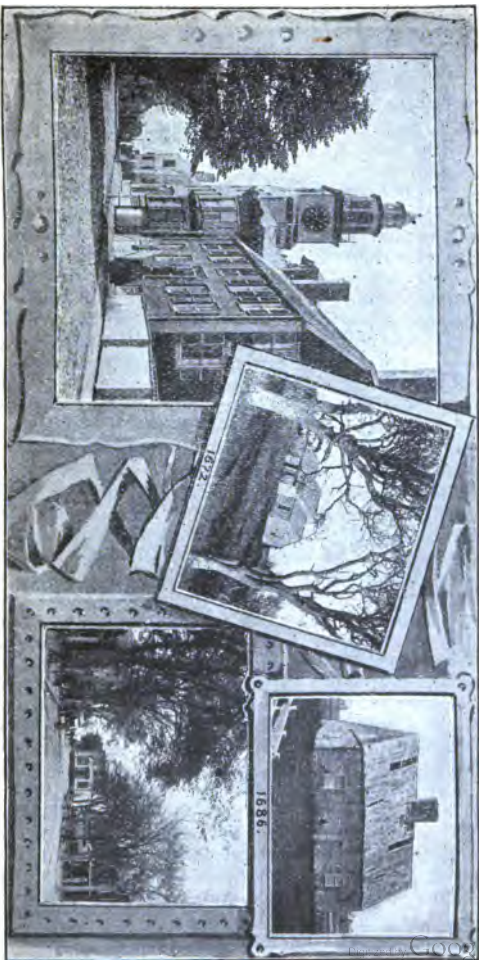
during that famous period, are observable in the Nantucket life of today. Auctions, meetings, lectures, and even arrivals, are announced by the town crier, who, of himself, is a relic of the past. He is almost omnipresent, greeting one first with his fish horn, toot! toot! toot! and then with his bell—ding! ding! ding! He has something to announce at every corner. There is much of historic interest in the old town.

The spot where Tristram Coffin built his first house is marked by a stone properly inscribed. The first homes of Edward Starbuck and Thomas Macy, and others, were in the same vicinity, and evidences of human habitation are still extant. The exact spot where Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born in 1667, is known, and the place where Mary Starbuck organized the first Friends's meeting, in 1704, can be pointed out. The old Parliament House stood near, and the first town house and jail, as well as the First Congregational church, stood still further to the east. On the hill east

of Maxcy's pond, the oldest cemetery may be found, with the indentations of graves plainly indicated. Sites of old cemeteries and Indian churches are scattered about the island. The old "Jethro Coffin house," built in 1686, should be called the oldest house. Heavy oak timbers enter into its construction, in some places substantially secured and strengthened by knees, such as enter into the building of ships. The house is said to have been the most elaborate of any then erected. On the chimney is a figure of raised brick work, in shape like an inverted U, which many have supposed to represent a horseshoe doing guard duty against the witches of the time. However that may be, the oldest house is well worth a visit, as its interior is preserved in much the same style of its original construction, and contains many relics. The house stands on the brow of a hill, in the north part of the town, near the Cliffs, a favorite promenade. There is also an old mill built in 1746. In the Revolutionary war a ball thrown from a man-of-war entered at the northeast side, and passed out at the southwest, within a foot of the miller. From the upper story a beautiful view of the island can be obtained.

An institution known as the Nantucket Athenæum, incorporated in 1834, includes a museum and circulating library. A former building, with its entire contents, was burned upon this site in 1846, and many valuable curiosities were lost. The present museum contains an attractive collection, among the curiosities, a sperm whale's jaw, taken from a whale which yielded one hundred and ten barrels of oil. It is seventeen feet in length, weighs eight hundred pounds, and has forty-six teeth. The library contains between six thousand and seven thousand volumes of well selected literature. Non-proprietors, during a temporary stay on the island, can take books from the library, and have free access to the reading room, by paying fifty cents a month.

Another Nantucket institution is the "Coffin School," established by Sir Isaac Coffin, an English baronet of American birth, who visited Nantucket in 1826, and finding inhabitants of the name of Coffin very numerous, and



OLD LANDMARKS, NANTUCKET.

all like himself, descended from the same English emigrant, Tristram Coffin, conceived the idea of founding a school for the benefit of all persons of whatever name, who were descended from the Coffin ancestor. For this purpose he gave £1,000, and subsequently added to the fund, until it now amounts to \$50,000.

The Pacific Club Room is another institution of Nantucket. Many old sea captains congregate there, and while away the days in relating many incidents of their whaling experiences, and strangers are always welcome to the privileges of this room, when introduced by a member.

Nantucket has a number of outlying villages, reached, many of them, by roads across the moors or commons. These roads are meandering, and lead in almost every direction. The drives are pleasant and romantic, if one is fortunate enough to have a guide familiar with localities of historic interest; otherwise, they present only undiversified tracks, without special end in view.

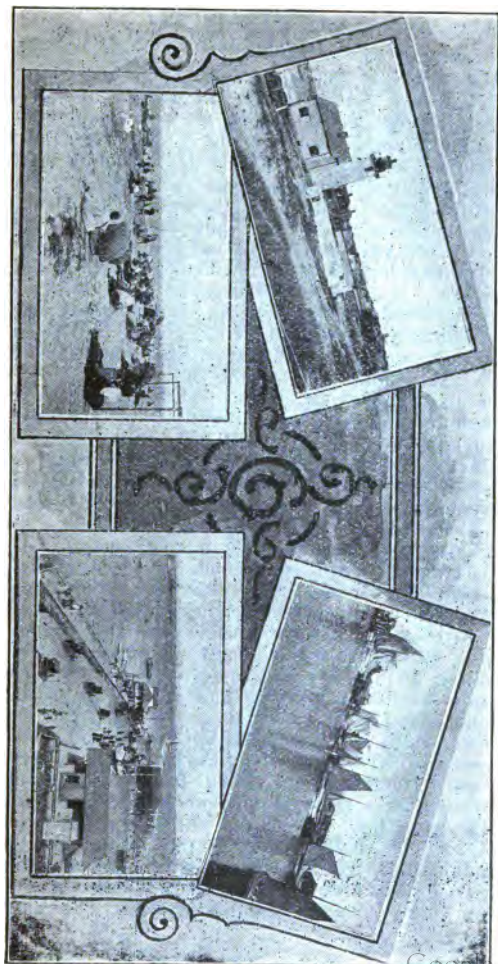
On the narrow neck of beach at the head of the harbor is situated Wauwinet, a village of a number of summer cottages. It is reached by a sail of six miles, or by a carriage drive of nine miles. It is a charming locality. Five miles west of the town is Madaket. A beautiful harbor is here found; it is a delightful place for fishing, both in the fresh waters of Long Pond and the salt waters of the harbor. The famous Madaket Ditch connects the waters of Long Pond with the harbor, and through it in their season pass the perch, herring, smelt and eels. Polpis is a farming village, considered at one time the finest farming district of the island. Polpis Harbor is a fine resort for shore clams, eels and sometimes bluefish. Near this locality, at a place called Quaise, is laid the scene of that most remarkable Nantucket story, entitled "Miriam Coffin." Eight miles from town, through Polpis, is Sachacha. There are a number of summer cottages here also. A large pond of the same name lies near the ocean line, and at several different periods has been open to the sea. This place, like all the others, has attractions peculiar to itself. At



OLD WINDMILL, NANTUCKET.

the southeast corner of the island is Siasconset, a village that might be called a watering-place within a watering-place. the summer resort. the seashore retreat of the Nantucketers. It is a village of cottages, built upon a bluff thirty feet above the sea level. A beach of sand, four hundred feet wide, lies between the bluff and the ocean. From the bluff may be seen many dangerous shoals on which the sea is ever breaking in grand and weird crests of white, and upon which many a gallant craft has foundered. Siasconset is seven miles from Nantucket town proper by carriage road, and about eleven miles by the railroad. There are two good hotels and a number of private boarding houses, but the life at Siasconset is emphatically a cottage life. The old village is made up of fishermen's ancient huts transmogrified into pretty villas of modern pretensions. To the north of the village is Saukaty Head Lighthouse, situated on a high bluff, a revolving light acknowledged to be among the best, and the apparatus the most costly on the coast. The keeper is a type of the islander—genial, intelligent and courteous, and is always “at home” to the visitor. A drive or a walk to Surfside, on the south shore, about two and one-half miles by the road leading near the old mill, and an hour on the beach with the rolling surf at his feet, is a part of the programme that no visitor can afford to omit. Nor is a visit to the cliffs on the north shore less interesting.

Tuckernuck, a sister island, two and one-half miles long, by one mile wide, lying directly west of Nantucket, and forming a part of the town and county of Nantucket, is another favorite resort. It can be reached by sail boats, about ten miles distant from the wharves, or by carriage drive to Madaket, and row-boat across Madaket harbor. Bluefishing, for which Nantucket is so famous, may be enjoyed on the beach, on the south shore of the island by the “heave and haul” method, which is simply casting a line among the breakers and hauling in quickly. To enjoy bluefishing, however, to its fullest extent, it is desirable to commit yourself to an experienced “skipper,” of whom there is no scarcity. Once on the “ground” one's attention is wholly ab-



FAMILIAR SCENES AT NANTUCKET.

sorbed by the excitement incidental to the sport. The boatman may perhaps steer along the northwestern shore for Great Point; or, if not successful here, may "double the cape" and run along the eastern shore of the island. Some of these localities, if not all, are pretty sure of giving the sportsman ample enjoyment. Another noted fishing ground is the "Opeuing," a channel between the western end of Nantucket and Tuckernuck. Here the tide runs so swiftly that boatmen seldom select this locality, unless there is plenty of wind in the right direction. With a stiff breeze, the breakers are grand, the water in the channel being comparatively shallow. Fairly on the waves you look ahead, and are not a little surprised to see smooth water. "What is this?" you ask. "A slick," replies the boatman. Here is the place to throw your lines. When you have leisure enough and a disposition to inquire into the cause of this singular phenomenon, you will learn that the bluefish has the faculty of "throwing oil upon the waters," the oil which he exudes producing this effect. If accustomed to bluefishing, one only needs his experience and his hook and line to bring them on board; but if it is a first attempt, it may be a little difficult to keep cool. Experience, however, will soon render one as calm as the "slick," after which success is certain. As a sanitarium Nantucket has few equals. All the benefits of a sea voyage without the discomforts of ship board are here found. A supply of the purest water, drawn from an unfailing spring-fed pond, is furnished, so that the two grand conditions of pure air and pure water are entirely met here, and it has been clearly decided that the benefits to health received here are permanent, and to be carried away and enjoyed by the recipient wherever he may go. The hotels and boarding houses of Nantucket form together a most significant feature among its desirable qualities. The latest comer on the list is the "Nantucket," built fronting the beach just before Brandt Point is rounded, and its peculiar situation and modern style of architecture renders it one of the notable points long before the island is reached. The Sherburne

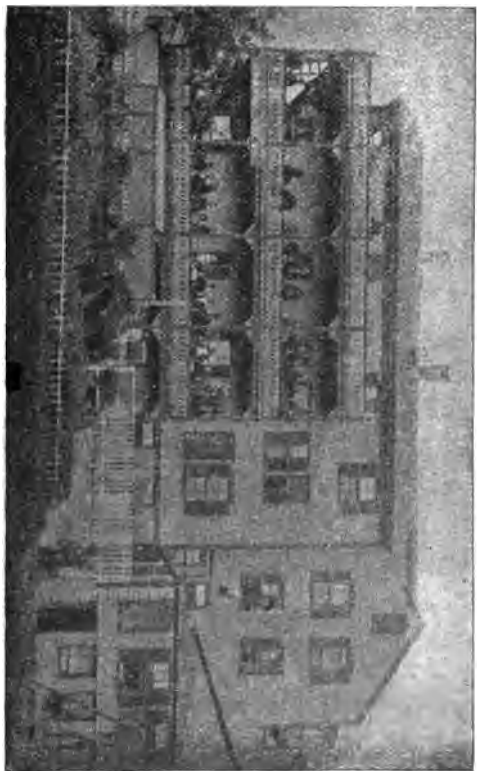


# THE NANTUCKET Nantucket, Mass.



House, centrally located on elevated ground overlooking the harbor, and the Springfield House, are among the dozen other public hotels on the island, all well kept and prepared for guests of every quality, and with the large number of boarding houses and private families, which in summer devote their surplus rooms and best attentions to guests from abroad, the traveler and summer-seeker may be sure of finding ample accommodations.





VERANDA HOUSE, NANTUCKET.

## PROVINCETOWN.

Cape Cod, the right arm of Massachusetts crooks its elbow at Chatham, and closes its fist at Provincetown. Here land first greeted the Pilgrim Fathers, sixty-six days after their departure from the mouth of the river Plym in old England. Captain John



Smith in his "New England" describes it as a "headland of high hills of sand, overgrown with shrubbie pines, hurts, and such trash . . . . . The Cape is in form of a sickle, on it doth dwell the people of Pawmet, and on the bottom of the Bay the people of Chawum."

Provincetown occupies the extremity—the curling finger—of this cape, and its situation is in every way peculiar. With the exception of a narrow strip or neck of sand-heaps which

unites it to the main cape, it is surrounded by water—the salt water of the Atlantic—which rolls unchecked between its shores and those of Europe. Its coast line, beginning at a point opposite the narrow neck alluded to, sweeps around in a grand circle almost the entire circuit of the compass, its outlines nearly resembling a gigantic capital C. The inclosed water of this circle is the harbor of Provincetown, and the town is built along the inner shore, at the bottom of the basin. Outside is the Race, Wood End, and sundry interesting points of lighthouse, life-saving station, etc., all of vast moment to mariners and ship-owners. Inside is one of the singular harbors of the world, deep enough and spacious enough to shelter a fleet of hundreds of the largest ships at one time; and with peculiarities belonging to itself sufficient to make it famous wherever these ships may sail.

It has been noted by more than one traveler, that strangers coming upon this far-away little community after dark, and whirling away around this corner and that, then up its narrow, smooth and quaint main street to the hotel, are likely to compare it to something foreign. It looks Spanish-like. The nearest approach to it in America is probably Key West. It is in fact first cousin to the Dons, for curiously, its population is largely Portuguese. The adventurous fishers of Fayal, sailing thousands of miles to the "Great Banks" after cod, found Provincetown a good base of supplies and a ready market. So, many of them settled here, and it has followed that they have married and grown familiar here. The sandy-haired, sharp-featured native has taken very kindly to his swarthy, soft-voiced, tropical foster-brother, and as a general thing the two get along famously well together. The stories about its sands are bountifully supplied with material, for it is truly a town of sand. There is sand in level expanses of miles in length, sand in fanciful mounds and broken pyramids, in fragments and pinnacles. But when one reaches the village, its comfortable home-like appearance, with

substantial public buildings, and neat, cosy private dwellings, gives an air of substance and sedate respectability. The village lies between a range of sand-hills and the beach, sheltered from the north and east winds. The one main street is several miles long, with dwelling houses on one side, and on the other, stores, wharves and the beach. From High Pale Hill, back of the town, the prospect is magnificent, the broad Atlantic on one side, a grand view of Massachusetts Bay on the other, at our feet, the weather-beaten, yet neat town, with its numerous, long, spidery wharves, around which are clustered the fleets of fishing boats; beyond, the parti-colored sand-dunes, with the advancing billows ever dashing against them.

The all-pervading feature that would strike the tourist oddly are what we might call "cod fish orchards." In the door yards of the thrifty "Codders," stretched along in rows, are boards covered with the staple product, undergoing the process of curing in the sun. The result is simply to intensify the saline atmosphere and decrease the hotel proprietor's chances of making a profit from his table.

In the hottest season, cool and refreshing breezes may always be had at nightfall.

Sea and harbor fishing may be enjoyed at all times, and the sportsman meets with abundant game, in their season, along the beaches and among the coves and inlets of the best harbor along our coast. Provincetown has a number of good hotels, and our tourist can be certain of finding abundant accommodations, whether he abides here for a day or for the season.

A list of the names of prominent and famous persons, from every walk of life, who with their families every summer make pilgrimage to Cape Cod, might surprise persons who suppose that the representatives of wealth and culture and the highest order of "society" — are only to be found congregated in the great "fashionable" centres, or herding, as it were, in the caravansaries of world-wide renown.

From Wood's Holl to the "jumping off place," are the resorts of the summer houses which distinguished men and women occupy. Here they all enjoy air-baths, sun-baths, or water-baths, — and the other enjoyments peculiar to Old Ocean and his surroundings, and thus lay the foundations of health, that a far inland life cannot thereafter throughout the year, entirely overthrow. All comers here are equally gratified and satisfied with their experiments; the tide of summer visitation is increasing yearly. In short, this whole region now rapidly "making up," has been endowed naturally with summer attractions second to none on the coast, with sanitary and health-giving influences, not surpassed in this country, and no section is so fast growing, in the estimation of travelers and summer visitors as these wonderful shores of CAPE COD.



STRANDED.



HIGHLAND LIGHT, NORTH TRURO.



# CAPE COD.

Quaint Cape Cod! even the name has a flavor of oddity about it, which will illustrate the grim humor of the Pilgrims' delegation selecting it. Fishing in its neighboring waters, the party decided that the first fish caught should give title to the new found cape, and up from the bottom came a good sized cod and "Cape Cod" was immediately christened into existence.

Cape Cod the tip end of Yankee land, a Paradise for five months in the year. Scarcely more than five miles wide in any part; it extends outward from the mainland for upwards of sixty miles, its inner shores washed by the waters of the most picturesque bays known to the world, while the outer coast line presents a barrier to the broad Atlantic. The "Right Arm" of the old Bay State! It is dotted with fine old towns which haven't yet been spoiled by too many fashionable notions. It has plenty of forests and capes, and even a Simon Pure tribe of Indians. The great cliffs of white, gleaming sand crowned with beneficent light towers and frowning over far-stretching beaches, from any part of which glorious outlooks upon the ocean may be had. There are cool retreats upon the land, while the waters offer splendid opportunities for boating, bathing and fishing. It boasts good hotels here and there, and hundreds of pretty summer homes built by city people who have fallen in love with its beauties.

The popular idea of Cape Cod, as held by those who have never visited that section, is largely misleading, and it is by no means certain that those who have occasionally made flying trips to its localities have thoroughly appreciated the place. A series of dunes and bluffs miles in extent, heavy sandy roads over which vehicles toil with great difficulty, useless barren plains, a people, coarse, crossgrained and quaint,—these, and such as



**FISH COMMISSION, WOOD'S HOLL.**



ONSET

BAY



ALONG THE SHORE



COTTAGES



these, are the attributes popularly credited to this section, and from estimates too often entertained by intelligent people, who would need but one peep at the actual situation to become disabused of the false notions. It makes little difference in what part of the Cape the summer visitor may decide to tarry, or whether he concludes to visit many portions in turn, he will find peculiar attractions in all. The Cape is connected with the outside world by the Old Colony Railroad, a branch of which runs clear down to Provincetown, on the tip end of the Cape, which doubles up like a fish-hook. Along this singular and circuitous railway one seems always just leaving some active manufacturing town, until well down on the Cape. At Wareham and Onset Bay, there is an appetizing odor of the sea coming up the broad beach of Buzzard's Bay. Beyond this is all "Cape." Just where Cape Cod curves outwards from the main coast, on the Massachusetts Bay shore, lies Sandwich properly, the first town on the Cape. It is sixty miles from Boston. Sandwich is a manufacturing and seaport town combined, and deserves especial mention as a place where one can combine comfort and pleasure with moderate expense, and ease of access, to those seeking an abiding place through the heated term. Sandwich is a centre for the glass manufacturing industry. As we near the railroad station, the traveler can see from his car windows the mammoth dredges and other ponderous machinery used in excavating for the Cape Cod ship canal, a project, that completed, will confer untold benefits upon all who follow the sea along this coast. Sandwich has about thirty thousand acres of woodland, dotted with miniature lakes; and to the delight of the sportsmen, abounding in game of every description.

On the western shore of Sandwich is Monument Beach, situated at the eastern head of Buzzard's Bay and near the mouth of Monument River.

This place is destined to rank among our first-class watering places at no distant day. Hotels and summer cottages are rapidly accumulating. The beach is hard and smooth, and affords excellent opportunities for

ON THE POND



OLD HOUSE, BOURNE

CLASS MORTIS



bathing. Here, as on the whole coast of Buzzard's Bay, the air is deliciously balmy, and at the same time invigorating. From Monument Beach a boat sail to Burgess Point, a distance of about a mile and a half, or across the eastern shore, can scarcely be equalled. The bay is studded with gems of beauty. That peculiar rural community, made famous in the novel, "Cape Cod Folks," lies just on the dividing line between Plymouth and Sandwich.

Barnstable, the next town that we come to, like all the other Cape towns, wears an air of quiet contentment,



**BILLINGSGATE LIGHT, WELLFLEET.**

cozy homes telling of assured good cheer within, peep out everywhere from deep masses of foliage. These substantial evidences of pluck, thrift and success, mark the highways through this domain.

Cotuit Port, a pretty village within the limits of the town, was one of the first places on the Cape selected as a summer resort by city denizens. It is reached by carriage from the railroad station at West Barnstable. The main street is very pleasantly shaded, and closely

bordered by handsome cottages, among them the homes of sea captains who have made their native Cape famous for seamanship and Yankee enterprise.

Off from the street, and approached by avenues through cultivated grounds, are numerous cottages and villas, the summer homes of wealthy city dwellers, who early recognized the beauties of this retreat. The marine views from the promontory of the highlands, where the shore ends abruptly in a bold water front, are among the finest on the coast. A pleasant carriage drive may be had through Centreville a charming little village, to Hyannis, a pleasant town, named for a friendly sachem, "Iyanough," once the owner of this territory. It is the most southerly village in Massachusetts, and is a fashionable watering place. Summer residences in "fantastic shapes and colors gorgeous" abound on every hand. In this part of the Cape, the Quaker element is found largely in admixture with the population, with all that is thereby implied of thrift, orderly life, and those attributes of progressive well-to-do humanity that mean so much, wherever they are found.

Between Barnstable and Sandwich lies the Indian town of Mashpee, whose territory has a coast on Vineyard Sound, extending from Waquoit Bay to Popponessett Bay. Mashpee is the last remaining home of Indian representatives on the main land of Southern Massachusetts, and the specimens here to be found, present more of the social and domestic features of the whites than of the original tribal divisions from which they are descended. In their pursuits they are fishermen. They are a docile and hospitable people.

YARMOUTH, seventy-five miles from Boston. DENNIS, a long narrow town, extending from the ocean on the south to Cape Cod Bay on the north. HARWICH, on the south side of the Cape. BREWSTER, named for Elder William Brewster. Not one of these towns or these villages but have attracted, since their earliest times, distinguished visitors to themselves during summer days, who could hardly be made to believe that any other spot than some portion of Cape Cod, is fit to breathe upon in summer; at least during a portion of the time. It may



NAUSET LIGHTS, EASTHAM.



ON THE BEACH, COTUIT.



be said here, that nearly all the large towns, excepting Falmouth, Mashpee, Harwich, Brewster and Chatham, stretch across the Cape, and have both ocean and bay shores. The advantages growing out of this state of things, both as regards sanitary and pleasure-giving conditions may readily be estimated. All through this section the tourist may see thousands of acres of land, used for the culture of cranberries, and it may be said, that this occupation forms one of the leading industries of Cape Cod.

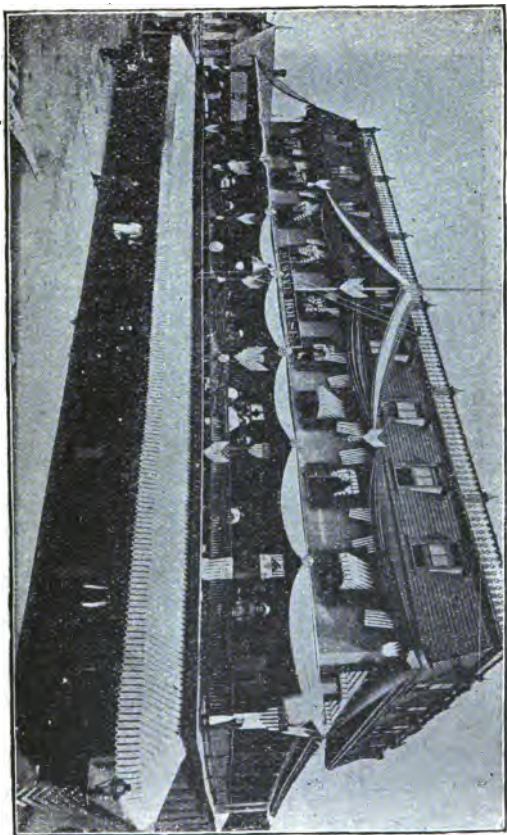
## ORLEANS,

Is an antiquated old town, in which the wind-mill is still used as a motive power. Every town on the Cape except Orleans has its twin, and some as the Hibernian puts it, has "two of them." You cannot escape it, if you are going to Provincetown, you must pass through the North, South, East and West of every one of them. But on the map, Orleans stands alone, close by the water on either side. Perhaps its other self was drowned, or else it is a sort of an adopted waif, drifted ashore from some other part of the world. Orleans, however, is a very attractive and pleasant place, much resorted to by summer visitors. In 1626, the Pilgrim ship *Sparrow-Hawk* was wrecked on the shores of Orleans, and covered with mud and sand, until 1863, when her parts were disinterred, put together and exhibited in Boston.

## Eastham, Chatham, Wellfleet and Truro,

Extend from the ocean on one side, to the bay on the other, the railroad passing through nearly the centre of the several towns and in many positions the sea is visible from both sides. These middle towns of the Cape present special features of enjoyment which can never be understood or appreciated except as matters of experience. The ocean on either side, in storm or calm, the life-saving stations, grouped more thickly on these shores than anywhere else, the singular make-up and groupings of towns and villages, the ancient Yankee manners and customs, render all this section a paradise

of summer enjoyment. In three things Cape Cod abounds: pure water, pure air, and pure sand. Almost everyone has heard of the notorious freebooter and pirate, Sam Bellamy, whose cruel exploits were told in song and story, years ago, and whose fate is associated with one of the most remarkable shipwrecks known on the Cape. Early in 1717, he took six vessels near Cape Cod, which he made prizes. On one of these he transferred seven men, who after drinking freely, all fell asleep. Not so the captain of the vessel, who, watching his chance, ran his vessel ashore near Truro, where the seven men were captured, tried before a special court of admiralty in Boston, and executed November 15, 1718. On the 26th of April, only a week or two after taking the seven prizes, Bellamy's ship the *Whida* was driven ashore in a terrible gale, on the shores of Wellfleet, or Eastham, and the whole crew, except two, were drowned. Somewhere near the boundary line between Eastham and Orleans, near the old channel, are buried "One hundred and two men drowned" as we have related; it was current talk on the Cape for years, that one of the two survivors of this disaster, used to visit this locality in disguise, from time to time, to supply himself with money from this wreck. It is probably a part of the story of Captain Kidd's treasure. To this day however, pennies of that period are picked up. It was in this same gale, that a house on the Isle of Shoals was washed from its foundation and landed on Cape Cod, where it was found, and a box of linen, papers etc., taken out, by which its history was discovered. Lieutenant's Island, in Wellfleet harbor, has lately become quite famous as the scene of operations of the "Cape Cod Bay Land Co." a syndicate of gentlemen who have disposed of hundreds of seashore lots at moderate prices, and have established at this place, what will evidently be, in the near future, a thriving sea shore resort. Some of these Cape Cod settlements are of little later date than that of Plymouth; and it is not unusual to consider all that part of the shore south of Cohasset, as being included in the Cape. In reality, only Barnstable County is included in that charmed section.



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**HOTEL METROPOLITAN, COTTAGE CITY.**  
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## NEWPORT.



OLD STONE MILL.

**N**EWPORT, one of the capitals of Rhode Island, and one of the most fashionable of American summer resorts, was settled in 1638 by eighteen adherents of Roger Williams, and was an important commercial town prior to the Revolutionary War, which effectually ruined it commercially and transferred its trade to New York. Newport is a port of entry, and is situated five miles from the ocean on the western shore of the island of Rhode Island, in Narragansett Bay. It has a deep and excellent harbor, defended by one of the strongest and most formidable forts in

the United States—Fort Adams. During the summer season the harbor presents a very gay appearance with its pleasure yachts, and as the New York Yacht Club has many of its races in and about the bay, Newport harbor serves as a rendezvous. There are many excursion steamers, plying daily from Newport to Block Island, about nine miles south of Newport, and to Narragansett Pier, a delightful summer resort. By taking Providence steamer Rocky Point may be reached, and the renowned clamcakes enjoyed, for which the Point is famous.

A ferry line connects Newport with Conanicut Island, which at Jamestown Landing presents an attractive pic-

ture, with its many new hotels and summer cottages. In the harbor may be seen Line Rock, the island home of the renowned Ida Lewis, Coasters' Harbor Island, the training station for naval apprentices, and Goat Island, the United States Naval Service headquarters, for torpedo station.

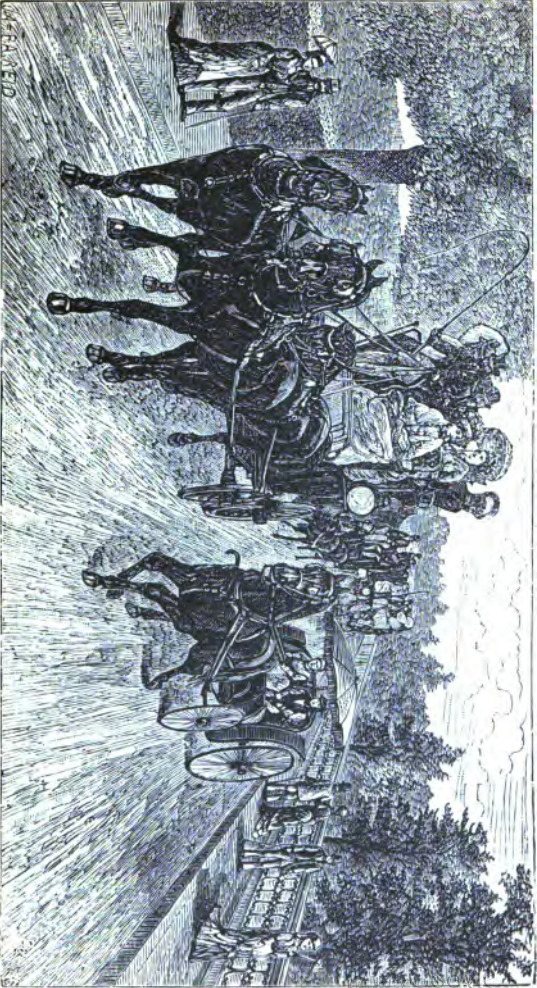
The old town of Newport, near the water, presents many attractive features to sightseers. Among the most



THE PERRY MONUMENT.

remarkable is the Old Stone Mill, or Round Tower, in Tourro Park, between Pelham and Mill streets, a supposed relic of the ancient Northmen, which was built when they visited America some five hundred years before the advent of Columbus. We find in Newport the oldest church in Rhode Island — the First Baptist Church in Spring street, which society was founded in 1638. The Central Baptist Church, in Clark street, was built in 1725, and stands next the Armory of the Newport Artillery. Trinity church (Episcopal), built in 1725, may be seen in Church street, and be-

comes most interesting when one knows that here, in 1729 to 1731, Bishop Berkeley often preached. The beautiful stained glass windows in the Channing Memorial Church, built in 1880, are most conspicuous as one passes up Pelham street to view the Old Stone Mill. The Redwood Library building on Bellevue avenue is an imposing structure, containing over thirty-seven thou-



THE DRIVE, BELLEVUE AVENUE.





**A NEWPORT COTTAGE.**



sand volumes and many rare pictures and statuary. The Casino, on Bellevue avenue, is the meeting-place of the fashionable world of Newport, and is a combination of club house, theatre, concert hall, tennis ground and restaurant. Club privileges can only be enjoyed by invitation, but the public may obtain admittance by the payment of an admission fee, and the daily concerts and various entertainments may be enjoyed. The Ocean House on Bellevue avenue, near the Casino, is the largest and most fashionable, and is generally open from June 15 to October 1.

The drives in and about Newport, once taken, are

never to be forgotten. The principal and most fashionable one is on Bellevue avenue to Bailey's Beach, a distance of about two miles, and at a certain hour of the day, during the season, this broad avenue is crowded with magnificent coaches of all kinds



ENTRANCE TO JEWISH CEMETERY.

and descriptions. The "ten mile drive," so called, is from Bailey's Beach along Ocean avenue, by Graves's Point, Bateman's, Castle Hill, Fort Adams, to Brenton's Cove. The scenery throughout this drive is grand, with beautiful views of the islands, the bay and shore. The West Road drive extends nine miles from Broadway to Bristol Ferry, and a fine ocean outlook is obtained. The

East Road drive is a distance of twelve miles, and extends from Broadway to Stone Bridge. From Second Beach another delightful drive may be taken along Paradise Road, by the Hanging Rocks, following the East Shore.

From Easton's Beach along the water front to Bailey's Beach, a distance of three miles, is the world-renowned Cliff Walk of Newport. This walk passes through the grounds of those who own the magnificent estates that extend from the avenue back to the Atlantic Ocean.

By an ancient deed this walk is obliged to be kept open, and the public thereby gains one of the most delightful promenades in this country; on the left, the rocky shore and the dashing waves, and on the right, the well-kept lawns and palatial villas of Mrs. William Gammell, Robert and Ogden Goellet, Louis L. Lorillard, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. W. Astor, Ogden Mills, William Vanderbilt and many others.

The surf bathing at Newport is unequalled. There are four beaches where it may be indulged in—First (or Easton's) Beach, Sachuest Beach (or Second Beach), Third Beach and Bailey's Beach, which is used only in calm weather.

First Beach, or Easton's, is the most popular, and may be reached by taking the electric cars or coaches from the Ocean House. A large pavilion, with restaurant attached, hot and cold baths, and bathing houses, afford ample opportunities for a dip in Old Neptune. At the fashionable hour the beach is crowded, and the chairs in the grand stand are occupied with spectators watching the bathers. The enthusiastic excursionist finds in Newport many places dear to his heart. At the western end of Second Beach is a deep chasm one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty feet deep, and eight to fourteen feet across, called Purgatory; Spouting Rock, presenting in a southeasterly storm the wonderful phenomenon of a volume of water thrown fifty feet into the air through a cleft in the rock. Hanging Rocks, Miantonomo Hill, The Glen, Pirates' Cave and Lily Pond are also points of interest to all excursion parties.

Electric cars start from the postoffice every twenty minutes to One-Mile Corner, or Middletown; to Morton Park (three-quarters of a mile), every twenty minutes, and to Easton's Beach (one mile), every twenty minutes in summer and every half-hour in winter.



**PURGATORY.**




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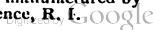
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